Next Month

and later

AN 'EX-JEW' ADDRESSES THE JEWS

Anonymous

A remarkably frank article by a young American who has attempted to put his Jewish heritage behind him and thereby free himself from handicaps, material and psychological, under which he believes most American Jews labor. For Jewishness, he thinks, is not a matter of blood but of tradition, of the will to exist as aliens in strange lands. He has been successful, he believes, in becoming wholly American and urges that other Jews give up the racial ties that bind yet sever them.

HOLLYWOOD AND POLITICS

Walter Selden

Motion-picture producers have always shunned most "controversial" topics — politics, the "class struggle," racial problems, etc. — because of a healthy fear of offending some good customers. In the last couple of years, one or two producers have violated this strict neutrality, so to speak, mostly with regard to economic problems, but they haven't violated it very daringly. Some opinion, in particular that of most of our movie critics, holds that this trend is desirable — that the cinema should become an active medium for examination of and argument about the manifold questions that agitate moviegoers. Mr. Selden meditatively considers what might come of this as regards (1) the box office and (2) the maintenance of an intelligent level of public opinion.

CORN WALLACE

Rollo Walter Brown

A study of the personality of Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, a serene figure who has single-mindedly pursued the fleet shadow of farm prosperity for six and a half years, apparently unconcerned with the bitter political controversies that have periodically seemed about to plow him under (or deify him).

OTHER FEATURES

"My Career on the WPA" — an anonymous article; Mary Heaton Vorse's study of the giant Amalgamated Clothing Workers union; "This Won't Hurt Much," by Marguerite Clark; "Suicide Doctor," by Weldon Melick.

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and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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THE BOOK FORUM

PIONEERS OF PLENTY — Christy Borth (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00)
MODERN MIRACLE MEN — J. D. Ratcliff (Dodd, Mead, $3.00)
CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE — edited by Ray Compton & Charles H. Nettels (Harcourt, Brace, $1.75)
ACCENT ON POWER — Valeriu Marcu (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00)
GIDDY MINDS AND FOREIGN QUARRELS — Charles A. Beard (Macmillan, $0.50)
LAW AND POLITICS — Felix Frankfurter (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00)
SIDNEY HILLMAN — George Soule (Macmillan, $2.50)
FROM ANOTHER WORLD — Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00)
AUTOBIOGRAPHY — A. A. Milne (E. P. Dutton, $3.00)
BRYCE'S 'AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH' *Fiftieth Anniversary* — edited by Robert C. Brooks (Macmillan, $2.50)

THE ideal book for parlous-times publishing is science aimed at the layman. Three extraordinarily good ones appear on this month's list, offering all things to all readers: escape into an orderly world of scientific miracles, if you like; or cogent reasoning against the senseless destruction and waste of "scientific" warfare.

If the nations could only hold their fire for another decade or so, they could get everything they need without stealing it from each other, says Christy Borth. In *Pioneers of Plenty,* the story of chemurgy, he outlines this future march of empire.

Chemurgy is a new word meaning "chemistry at work." In practical application, it means converting, at low cost, plant and animal material into manufactured products truly fabulous in their variety and quantity. At the rate chemurgy is progressing, Mr. Borth figures that many countries of the world even now could approach self-sufficiency, given the proper research and manufacturing equipment. A land that is short on minerals can go to the farmer for aid; for plastics made from such things as milk and soybeans have already replaced much metal in automobiles and airplanes. The silkworm is losing to the test tube. A product made from skunk oil tastes exactly like coffee. The oil fields of the future will be planted every spring.

Add to these the thousands of other odd and fascinating and useful discoveries and you will have an idea why Mr. Borth writes like a crusader. He tells his story of chemurgy in terms of the men who have pioneered in this new branch of science. They had to be fighting men, most of them, because they were heralds of a new era. The chemical age is superseding the machine age — the faster the better. Perhaps you won't be as optimistic as Mr. Borth about its immediate peace-furthering influence, but you can't help sharing his enthusiasm for the pioneers and for the plenty they are able to distribute.

IN *Modern Miracle Men,* J. D. Ratcliff gives stirring accounts of other battles fought without benefit of captains or kings. The conquest of disease, not only in man but in animals, soil, and plants, makes up most of his story. The rest is concerned with the application of scientific knowledge to preserving and extending our food supply.

This is terrain already familiar in popular science books, but Mr. Ratcliff has mined it for an enormous amount of new material: a little-known treatment for the paralyzing diseases that attack children; research into the relation between tuberculosis and geology; a new phase of pellagra cure. A chapter called "91 Billion Acre Farm" sets forth the mysteries of our sea-food grazing grounds. Another gives the first clear explanation we've seen of the practical uses for heavy hydrogen atoms and for the Carrel-Lindbergh machine, which keeps organs alive outside the body. The author has a tidy manner of writing that we particularly liked. Coming close to the sensational in much of his subject matter, he treats it with restraint and good taste and makes it all the more absorbing.

SOMETHING fresh in anthologies is *Conquests of Science,* edited by Ray Compton and Charles H. Nettels. Part of its twenty-two chapters are written by scientists themselves; others, in biographical or narrative form, cover the history of man's "unending exploration in search for truth." Briefly but authoritatively they touch on most of the fields in which the search goes on. If we had to choose a favorite among the lot, we'd name the episode from *Animal Treasure,* by Ivan T. Sanderson, a brilliant young English naturalist who relates his adventures in an African bat cave. With William Beebe, he shares honors for a combination of literary and scientific skill.

"This book was prepared," say the editors, "in the hope that it will open to you the enjoyment to be found in books of science." It can be used merely for your own diversion. But, with its glossary and selected reading list, it is also an excellent thing to hand on to the inquiring young.

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by CHARLES A. BEARD

The strongest case yet presented for the complete separation of the United States from European entanglements. 50¢

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by GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

This book vigorously supports that theory and shows that a firm basis for such a union already exists. The first book on the war to leap to the front of English best-sellers. $3.00

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by EDUARD BENEŠ

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The Book Forum

No phrase has been more bandied about in recent fateful weeks than "power politics." But what exactly does it mean? Is power in and of itself evil, as Lord Acton implied in his epigram, "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely"? Or is it rather the unlovely ends to which it is sometimes directed which make the word a part of the vocabulary of abuse?

A colorful, timely answer to these questions emerges from the free and abundant pages of Valeriu Marcu's *Accent on Power*. This is a biography of Machiavelli and a history of politics at a time, like our own, of great changes. It is a study in the growth of Machiavelli's understanding of power. And, being these things, it is something of an objective essay on power as a phenomenon.

Catching the immense variety of Florentine life at its turbulent peak, the author paints a whole city — indeed, a whole society — while telling the story of the astute secretary at the Signory. Machiavelli lived at a time when military science was revolutionized by the introduction of firearms and trenches. He pondered on arms as they related to control of states. Intrigue never thrived more, nor chicanery, and the cold-blooded analyst had sufficient material on which to base his realistic conclusions.

Princes and rebels alike have served themselves well ever since with lessons learned out of the writings of this strange Machiavelli who, for all his shrewdness, died penniless and without any of the power it was his delight to reflect on.

THERE is not a person in America but has thought deeply, since war broke out, about certain questions: Will we be drawn in? Can we keep out? Are Hitler's collaborators at Munich, Chamberlain and Daladier, so much better than Hitler that we want to involve our country to keep them in power? Peace and neutrality are the overwhelming desire of the country, and so a tart little pamphlet by Charles A. Beard, entitled *Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels*, comes to a nation very ready to receive its doctrine. It is possible that Mr. Beard will send some people off into arguments not so much for peace as against President Roosevelt. Nevertheless the affirmative voice of the millions who want to keep out of a trouble which is none of our business will give a generous "Yea" to his pamphlet, in spite of its criticism of the chief executive in whom they still believe.

WHEN Felix Frankfurter came to this country at the age of twelve, he did not know a word of English. He grew up to tilt against legal windmills — and win. He attained some of his popularity by defending unpopular causes. Such is the rather melodramatic background in any comment on the new Justice of the Supreme Court. In the foreground and in his *Law and Politics* are his calm and urbane manner, his charity and sophistication.

Papers read before bar associations make up part of this book; articles for the *New Republic*, letters to the *New York Times* are included, together with his famous ventures into journalism on the Scottsboro and Sacco-Vanzetti cases and on child labor and freedom of the press. Introduced by Archibald MacLeish, this is a civilized, illuminating, and (rare these days) perceptibly optimistic volume. All these fugitive pieces may well be samples of future history — straws in the wind indicating possible lines of struggle within the Supreme Court that will develop in the quarter-century or more during which Justice Frankfurter may reasonably be expected to serve.

ANOTHER success story, quite as unconventional and quite as American, is told by George Soule in *Sidney Hillman*, which reveals as much of the life of the labor leader as a diligent biographer could find out from a reticent subject.

The circumscribed world of a Jewish household in old Russia was just about all Hillman knew of men and affairs until his education began in prison, where he spent six months for demonstrating against the Czar. After the failure of the revolution of 1905, at the age of twenty, he came to this country and began to look for work. Before long he was an obscure employee in the clothing industry, and here the story really begins. Unionization was virtually unknown at that time among clothing workers. Now Hillman is head of a C.I.O. industrial union with a quarter of a million members. How he and the union got there is an exciting and altogether important chronicle, clearly and factually set down by the distinguished editor of the *New Republic*. Since Mr. Soule is also an authority on labor and economics, his biography is a guide to understanding all the organized social forces shaping the destiny of the country.

SOMETHING between a history of a period and an autobiography" — so Louis Untermeyer describes his *From Another World*. It is that and a good deal more — a thoroughly delightful collection of reminiscences, anecdotes, shrewd criticism, epigrammatic comment. With a remarkable talent for knowing the people who contributed, whether in small or great degree, to the progress of American art and letters in the last thirty years, Mr. Untermeyer has also a gift for keeping discipline in the ranks of his memoirs. Never for a moment do they sprawl. Which is not to say there is any lack of variety in his

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portraits of such diverse characters as Sara Teasdale and H. L. Mencken. He can give tenderness where it is due; he can also deal justice without mercy, not only to others but to himself as well. There is an air about the book of having been written chiefly for the author's own pleasure (he admits to having done it at least for the partial edification of his three young sons). And so the history he has set down, no less than the autobiography, has his very personal qualities of nimbleness and wit.

QUITE a different approach to personal history is that of A. A. Milne. His *Autobiography* gives only a minimum of comment on the people with whom he has dined or conversed or labored in the vineyard. Let them write their own autobiographies: Mr. Milne prefers to tell about himself. And he does so with a compensating lot of gaiety.

You would expect, naturally, to find charm and ease and humor in a book about Mr. Milne young or old — and find it you do. But two short passages toward the end strike a different and rather surprising note. One is a vigorous page in which is settled an old grudge against Dorothy Parker for her unkind comment on one of his books of children's verse. The other is his stout contention that the Christopher Robin poems frequently and purposefully show what little monsters of egotism and cruelty children can be.

Because of the war and, incidentally, perhaps because of Mr. Milne's uncompromising pacifism, the first and perhaps the only edition of the *Autobiography* will be this one published in America.

IT IS a curious fact that there have been only two great books about our system of government — de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Bryce's *American Commonwealth;* that both these were written by foreigners; and that the more recent of the two is fifty years old.

No great lover of the common people, the Englishman Bryce nevertheless gave a detailed interpretation of the society in which John Doe was of novel importance in the world. Bryce scorned woman suffrage, Negro citizenship, immigrants and the "rabble" which made up the strength of the Democratic Party. Nevertheless he gave a clear nineteenth-century upper-class picture of a not so upper-class America.

Now comes a chance for twentieth-century political scientists to say what they think of Bryce's work. Robert C. Brooks has edited the volume, entitled *Bryce's "American Commonwealth", Fiftieth Anniversary.* Made up of the papers read before the American Political Science Association, it contains studies both careful and illuminating.

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LITTLE, L B BROWN

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward F. Healey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM and Century and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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EDWARD F. HEALEY
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1939.

[SEAL] RUSSELL EBERHARDT

(My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

COLLEGE DAYS

To the Editor:

I have read . . . Craig McClure's "Frost on Parnassus" [October FORUM], and feel it is the best so far written on colleges. With my background it may not be supposed that I would know much of the subject. Nevertheless as a vagabond boy I met many college men who had lost individuality at the expense of learning. This observation made me decide to go my own way. I might say that the editors of THE FORUM have shown unusual perception in the selection of this article. It will be expanded later by the author into an autobiographical novel called *A Way into Life*. Over a period of seventeen years I have met many beginners at the hard craft of writing. Craig McClure is by far the most promising. There is nothing cold about "Frost on Parnassus" but the title. It glows with conviction and should be absorbed by all professors and college men who have learned how to read. I congratulate THE FORUM.

JIM TULLY

North Hollywood, Calif.

SEX IN SCHOOLS

To the Editor:

I agree with Ellsworth B. Buck [who debated with George J. Lent and Francis S. Moseley in the October FORUM on "Should Public Schools Teach the 'Facts of Life'?"] that the public schools should teach the "facts of life."

For ten years I served as the vice-president of the Parents' Teachers' Association of Public School 39, Queens [New York City borough]. During that time I taught in the departmental grades of the school. The community is made up of educated and enlightened parents. Many of them brought this subject up and expressed the wish that the matter could be made a part of the school curriculum.

At a later date when I was in charge of P. S. 104 Queens, a new-born baby was found in one of the neighboring high schools. Naturally there was much gossip and the subject caused considerable comment among the students. Parents were faced with premature questions. The mothers, many of whom were college graduates, felt that they could not give the necessary information to their own children. Representatives of the group called upon me and asked me if I would co-operate with them in presenting the facts to the Board of Education in an effort to have such information incorporated into our courses of study.

While these efforts were going on we solved our local problem by having a Board of Health nurse meet with groups in a room of the public library. This lady possessed a charming personality and had a complete understanding of adolescent psychology, both important in the choice of a person for this work.

Two years ago I was placed in charge of a school in the section known as "Hell's Kitchen." The grades of my school are one through six, which is a narrow range on which to base conclusions. However, in that time, I have been impressed by the absolute indifference of the parents regarding matters of this sort. They assume that the street is the natural place for children to receive sex education.

My experiences in two widely divergent types of communities lead me to endorse Mr. Buck's stand. . . .

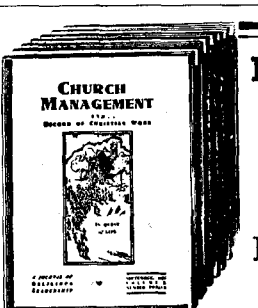
MARIE KEESE

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

THE CONSUMER MOVEMENT

To the Editor:

Stanley High's article ["Guinea Pigs Left March," October FORUM] about "professional" consumer representatives seems to me timely and important. Some time ago . . . I remarked that anyone who was trying to abolish the profits system and, at one and the same time, trying to make a fair appraisal of the products of the capitalistic system had a hard



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Our Rostrum

job. I feared that the consumer movement, if not in danger of being derailed, was, at best, side-switched. . . .

WILLIAM C. FOSTER
Pollak Foundation for Economic Research
Newton, Mass.

To the Editor:

I found the article . . . extremely interesting. That kind of critical analysis of the whole consumer movement in this country has been in order for some time. In my opinion, however, Mr. High goes much too far in his thesis that the whole consumers' movement is merely a side-show to promote a left-wing utopia. There is some of that, to be sure, but I do not think it dominates.

. . . . . .

MARQUIS W. CHILDS
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

. . . We hoped that someone finally would produce a thorough and accurate, unbiased appraisal of the work of the consumer and consumer co-operative movements.

Mr. High apparently set out to find a few wisps of "evidence" which he might use to paint in vivid colors a pre-conceived idea of political implications of the consumer and consumer co-operative movements.

. . . . . .

WALLACE J. CAMPBELL
Assistant Secretary
Cooperative League of the United States of America
New York, N. Y.

BIO-DYNAMIC FARMING

To the Editor:

I want to congratulate you for being the first magazine of standing to publish an article about the work which Ehrenfried Pfeiffer is doing ["Our Backward Farmers," by Jeanette Eaton, September FORUM]. . . .

I consider the experiments . . . of revolutionary import. If they are right in their approach to scientific agriculture, then virtually everything which is now being done in so-called scientific agriculture . . . is wrong. . . .

RALPH BORSODI
The School of Living
Suffern, N. Y.

WITH APOLOGIES

Mr. Fred Rodell, whose "The Law Is the Bunk" we published in the September FORUM, *fears that Harvard University may suffer because our "Toasts" column referred to him as an alumnus of that institution. We hasten to give Mr. Rodell back to Haverford College, where he belongs.*

TOASTS

AVEDIS DEROUNIAN lives in Jackson Heights, Long Island, and is employed on a magazine editorial staff. Besides writing an occasional free-lance article, he is working on a book and has been associated with the radio programs, "Americans All — Immigrants All," sponsored by the United States Office of Education.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, whose verse appears frequently in these pages, lives in Brunswick, Maine, his birthplace, where he is Professor of English at Bowdoin College.

CHARLES EDMUNDSON is an editorial writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a newspaper long famed for its fearless attacks on political corruption. Another *Post-Dispatch* editor, Ralph Coghlan, has written about Kansas City's political troubles for THE FORUM.

LEIGH WHITE was for six months an ambulance driver in Spain and, later, a war correspondent in Barcelona. He made for Dr. Trueta-Raspall an English translation of a book describing the Doctor's work in fractures, but the defeat of the Loyalists presumably has so far precluded its publication.

JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN is a New York free-lance writer and former magazine editor.

YATES STIRLING graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1892, and was retired from service three and a half years ago, having risen to the rank of Rear Admiral. Besides technical volumes, he is the author of the recently published *Sea Duty*.

WILLIAM E. BORAH, senior United States Senator from Idaho, is a respected elder of the upper chamber, having served there continuously since 1907. His name is always associated with two things: great oratory and the defeat of American ratification of the Versailles Treaty.

KEY PITTMAN, of Nevada, is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He was a delegate to the London World Economic Conference in 1933 and is known as a leader of the so-called "silver bloc."

WILLIAM STOKES a Canadian journalist, is a staff member of *Magazine Digest*, Toronto. His articles have appeared in the labor press of both Canadian and American magazines.

MARY M. COLUM is literary critic of THE FORUM and author of *From These Roots*, a history of the ideas that have made modern literature.

FRANK J. TAYLOR is a San Francisco advertising writer. A former newspaperman, he is the author of *California — Land of Homes*.

RALPH M. PEARSON founded the Design Workshop, a school of creative work for adults.

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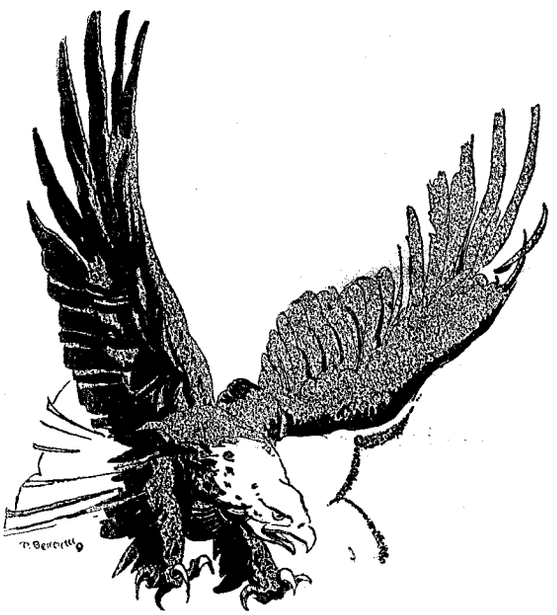
F O R U M

and Century

NOVEMBER, 1939 VOL. CII, NO. 5

The Whites of Their Eyes



Editorial Foreword

When we were boys, the American battle most vividly recorded in history books was Bunker Hill. Impressed on our memory was the command of the defending officer to the American troops to keep their powder dry and hold their fire "until you see the whites of their eyes." The Yankees let the British climb the hill to the very breastworks before they blazed into them.

In the end, if not precisely on Bunker Hill, that policy won out. Although we had many brave seamen in those days, we did not send an expeditionary force across the Atlantic against London to head off the redcoats and their Hessian hirelings before the prospective invaders set sail.

Europe, we are told, is nearer today — and more dangerous.

But Americans are now quicker in their protective movements, and diplomats of the Pan-American republics are talking about measuring a band of territorial waters around the Western continents perhaps three hundred miles in width.

Again we are told: Eventually, why not now? In plain English, the European and Asiatic autocrats, with their mechanized efficiency, will eventually reach out their tentacles to grasp our continent. Is it not better to head them off at once in their own lairs, rather than wait until they are too strong for us?

The answer to that question is tied up with the following question.

Saving Democracy

The world, we are again told, must be made safe for democracy.

But how? Democracy clearly cannot be saved by sending American soldiers again to Europe. That was tried, and proved a failure,

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despite our supreme effort, in 1917 and 1918. What was the result of that heroic undertaking? Hatred of "Uncle Shylock" in Europe and, in the United States, economic collapse, gangsters, and lawlessness. One definite, constructive good was indeed accomplished by the American Expeditionary Force in the last European War: the Germans were set back for another twenty years. But did those twenty years saved for Europe produce a net gain for humanity sufficient to offset the moral lassitude that has afflicted the American democracy ever since?

There is nothing particularly new about the recent invasion of Poland except that the Germans were led by a chief named Hitler instead of a chief named Barbarossa. For two thousand years the Germans have been tearing up the boundaries and upsetting the peace of Europe. The campaigns of Frederick II brought him six crowns, those of Germany, Sicily, Lombardy, Burgundy, the Empire, and Jerusalem. A thousand years before that time, life in Europe under the ancient Pax Romana was, in many ways, civilized and happy. France under the Romans became a seat of sculptural art, and even England, far away, was given better roads and better public baths than she has ever had since. The Germans smashed up all that security. They did reinvigorate western Europe with their red blood but they brought on the Dark Ages. They have been at that game many times since and have now made another quick start.

Germans are delightful people when you get them intimately alone and make love to them or discuss music or painting or cooking or household management. But there is inherent in them a passion for obedience and for leaders, especially leaders who will tell them it is right and just to kill children abroad and torture Jews at home. Four years after the last World War, we asked a cab driver in Munich how he liked having a republic in Germany. "O sir," he cried, "it is terrible; we have no head, we have no leader!"

We are told that *Germania delenda est*, that the Germans, like the ancient predatory Carthaginians, must be destroyed.

During the World War we knew a grave American professor of Latin who had given up his classes in order to concentrate on "rubbing a certain spot off the map." He did not succeed, and it is doubtful if America, with all her strength, could ever perform that task. The Germans will never be exterminated. They would enjoy, however, strict obedience to a benevolent, rather than a malevolent, dictator — say an Englishman or a Frenchman or, better still, a Scandinavian. But only God in His providence can bring about such a consummation, and it is, unfortunately, more likely that He will appoint a German as dictator over Europe, as during the days of Charlemagne, in the hope that in the ensuing quiet the Germans may become orderly again.

Regulating the Germans is not the duty of Americans. Why did we Americans — or our forebears — leave Europe and settle here? While some of us came because of the lure of greater riches, most of us came because of infringement of personal liberties — religious, economic, political — in the hope of attaining a larger degree of personal freedom. In particular, large numbers of us came in order to get away from the menace of the struggle for power in Europe and the ever recurring European wars. Is it intelligent for us to return again to participate in those wars?

Cash and Carry

Cash and carry by all means! Let us be privately in our thoughts as unneutral as we like. Let us sell to the European powers who are able to fetch them and pay for them whatever they want. Let us not, however, give them credit to hang around the heavily taxed necks of our children. And let us send no more of our young men to be massacred in the internecine wars of Europe nor go to war because our private citizens are so unfortunate as to be killed doing business in war-crazed zones.

America can best save democracy by persistently being American and building her own Westwall as well as Eastwall and Southwall and even Northwall (and also Airwall) on land and by sea. Within these walls it behooves us to educate old and young, night and day, in practice and conversation as well as in the classroom, in the principles of democracy and the Bill of Rights.

This doctrine is not isolationist. It is planetary vision governed by common sense.

Henry Goddard Leach

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An Immigrant American Speaks Out

by **AVEDIS DEROUNIAN**

To America we came, as before us millions had come since 1620. We were not political or religious refugees nor did we come here to make money. We came because our parents — disgusted thoroughly with a continent forever at war with itself — had no desire to see their sons conscripted into the Turkish army. We came here in order to live here, to extend our roots deep into the earth of the New World, to be nourished by it, and in turn give to it whatever we had of energy and cultural richness given to us through our Armenian background.

We bought a small home on our arrival, far out in the suburbs — far from the "nationality islands" of New York City. In that wholesome atmosphere, surrounded entirely by native-born Americans, our own Americanization got off to a flying start.

That was eighteen years ago. I was then a tall, gawky boy of twelve, full of questions and full of disbelief that one could live in one place for one year without having to move to the hills for safety. There were two younger brothers, John and Steven. There were also Mother and Father. None of us knew English except Mother, who had been graduated from the American College for Women in Constantinople.

We had heard a great many conflicting stories about America — tragic stories of immigrants working on fourteen-hour shifts in front of blast furnaces; riveting high up on towering skyscrapers; toiling as sandhogs under the slimy bed of the Hudson. And we had seen some who had returned maimed and broken in spirit, their bodies martyred to the industrial progress of America. Vangeloff, the Bulgarian cobbler, his leg blown off in a mine explosion, told a particularly distressing story of the country to which we had booked passage.

But we did not listen, for on one important point all reports agreed: America was safe from the next World War. That was all that counted with us, for Father insisted that Europe would never be free of ravaging conflict. Bigger and more brutal wars, he said, had followed every "war to end war." He used to point out that more than two thousand peace treaties had been signed. That had been the European way for a thousand years, and, despite all sublime talk of "eternal peace" on the part of the shyster diplomats, it was insane to believe that, back in 1921, Europe had forever renounced war.

"America," Father said, "is the place for us. It is a new country, untainted by the corroding traditions of hatred and bigotry we have in Europe. In America you three boys will have a new start in life."

Mother and Father bought furniture and settled the house. Also during the first week, they managed to place us in public school. This done, Father filed application for citizenship.

Five years later — in May, 1926 — we formally celebrated the adoption of our new country. The party, which was attended by sixteen local political and society leaders, included two bottles of sacramental wine which, after a year's relentless effort, Father had obtained from a friendly priest. The purpose was sacramental enough. Like birth and baptism, the experience of attaining American citizenship comes once in a lifetime. A small American flag, made of silk, today remains a precious memento of our admittance to citizenship.

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II

I REMEMBER LITTLE — nor do I care to remember more — of the place where I spent my childhood, that Asiatic country whose ruthless persecution of Christian minorities caused my people so much suffering and pain. I refer to Turkey under the Sultan and Nationalist regimes and to the thousands of "starving Armenians" who became the inevitable by-product of Turkish massacre, exile, and deportation during the World War. Our family was fortunate enough to escape, though many of our relatives and friends perished in the barbarous slaughter, which far exceeded the religious persecutions now in progress in Europe.

I recall vividly the night we were routed from sleep and commanded to leave by dawn. A horde of wild Turkish bandits (bashi-bozouks) were about to raid the town. It was no time to ask further questions. On foot and on donkeys, terrorized youngsters huddled close to their parents, whimpering pitifully, the young and the doddering, all in utter panic, headed for the safety of the mountains.

A decrepit old bullock cart was all we could hire (and that at an exorbitant fee). Into this we piled bread and cheese, bundles, mattresses and blankets; for it was early in March, and the mountains, washed with rains, were bitterly cold. Our family climbed into the bullock cart and, with a last look at our home — one of the largest and best furnished in town — took to the hills.

The sky throughout our flight continued a dread, unbroken canopy, hanging above us like an evil shroud. The large wooden wheels, of unequal size, rumbled over backwood trails fresh with the mud of spring rains. The cart quaked crazily, and we had to hold onto the sides to keep from falling off. Deep into the night we plunged, creaking over roads unknown to any but the two burly Turkish drivers, each armed to the teeth.

Suddenly in that impenetrable darkness the wheels sloshed in mud and, with ominous slowness, sank down, down, all the way to the hub. I remember this clearly because, when I stuck my hand out between the spokes, it touched the soft, black earth. The cart stuck there, like a nail driven deep into wood.

Father jumped out and began to wrangle with the drivers. I can remember him gesticulating wildly, as I saw him by the eerie light of a candle lantern tied to the yoke between the oxen. The drivers — sullen and sulky mountaineers — remained in their seats; they were huge, coarse, vacuous fellows, ugly as lava rock.

"This mudbank is an act of God, effendi," one of the two grunted in Turkish.

"Why did you drive into it deliberately?" father demanded.

"It is an act of Allah, effendi!"

Baksheesh was what they wanted. Father paid the ransom, lest the two armed thugs jump on him and do away with us entirely.

We began to throw off bundles, to lighten the load. Father helped Mother get down from the cart. Wallowing in mud up to their knees, she and Father began to push the bullock cart, while the drivers, with cruel sharp spikes, goaded the oxen. I looked on silently while John — then one year old — whimpered softly in a fiber basket alongside me. He continued to bawl, as beast and man — each now reduced to the level of the other — tried to pull us out of the mudbank.

A frightful torrent of oaths, directed at the brace of oxen, spewed suddenly from the two drivers. They splattered into the abyss of the night, jarring the inky stillness, reducing Johnny's whimpering to frozen silence. The curses echoed wearily back — curses symbolizing disgust at an accursed world, made accursed by man! Resounding deep from the innermost crevices of mountain and valley, from the very womb of a war-torn and crying earth, echoes and nature alike seemed to curse man for his abominable handiwork.

Does the reader for one moment wonder why I'm thankful to be in the United States?

I was only a child then but I remember, too, the bread line that formed daily in front of the government warehouse. The line began at dawn, soon became a long queue of aged peasant women wrapped in shawls, of bent old men, of children weak from hunger, of young girls with sunken eyes. There were no young men or middle-aged men in that line of the living damned: all were off at war. But there were young mothers, faces pinched with the pallor of undernourishment, waiting hour after hour, huddled against the brick warehouse wall, waiting eternally, it seemed, for rations of rough rye bread. Nothing else. No soup. No

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coffee. Only bread, carefully weighed, hard as rock, which had to be soaked in hot water before it could be chewed.

Today, this noon in 1939, in a restaurant, I had all the bread I wanted, all the meat, all the dessert. Waiters were carrying back to the kitchen plates with at least half the food untouched. I should be thankful but I cannot overlook the fact that we in America throw away enough food each year to feed a million European peasant folk, to whom bread, garlic, beans, and occasionally a bit of cheese form a staple diet. The average American garbage pail would be a veritable bread basket in many peasant sections of Europe.

III

As I WRITE this, Europe, already emotionally exhausted from an epidemic of hysteria that time after time only just stopped short of an explosion, has gone to war again, so recently that they're still choosing sides.

I recall with a shudder the panic that grips and paralyzes the whole of your being when war is imminent — not three thousand miles away but just beyond your dooryard. You can neither eat nor sleep nor move out of your house. All you can do is remain cooped up where you are and await the same harrowing nightmares visited on your forebears who made Europe their home. It's like being surrounded by a gang of thugs in a back alley. You don't know whether you'll come out alive or a bloody mess.

To native-born Americans who have not suffered, it is difficult to explain what it means to live in daily terror of being awakened from sleep, dragged to police headquarters, clapped in a concentration camp, possibly shot without a hearing; of having your family molested, your belongings burned or divided among thieving gangs. And because some of us have witnessed the worst — and are aware of the existence or imminence of such barbarities in the lands we have left behind — we are thankful to be in the United States and grateful for the privilege of American citizenship.

IV

I SPENT A RECENT evening with a self-styled "intellectual" emissary of Utopia who would restore "peace, prosperity, equality, democracy" to all the world — America included — through purges and mass revolution. Hasn't the world already had enough of terrorism, I asked, enough of bloodshed and massacre? And hasn't it all been done in the name of God, justice, and humanity?

The native-born messiah did not hear. He was engaged in a barrage of abuse against his mother country that stunned me. I had never heard so vitriolic a diatribe directed at one's native land. More than once my immigrant blood boiled at his gross ingratitude, his insane delusions, his utter ignorance of the European "democracy" which would instantly have charged him with treason had he dared utter there one tenth of what he told me here.

Of course you can build a pretty strong case against the United States if you have a mind to. It's the easiest thing in the world to tear down. What requires guts is to keep your faith when the going is hard — as it is today.

Certainly America is not perfect. Nothing on earth is or ever is likely to be. This country has a lot of rough edges. Political corruption, organized crime, child labor, and other social abuses are nothing to boast about. But I like to remember that America's afflictions, as William Seabrook has said, are more "like a pimple than a cancer." Most of us admit that we have continued to grow too quickly as a nation. The pimples of adolescence cover the face of our nation from coast to coast. From now on we have got to build solidly. We have got to consolidate our gains, integrate our social resources, adjust capital-labor problems, and inaugurate social reforms so that all who work and produce may justly share in the benefits.

Violent revolution won't accomplish these ends. Communism, Fascism, Nazism, or any other brand of imported or native crackpottery won't help. We've got to build America ourselves, according to the American tradition of doing such things. Only this will continue to keep us a democratic people, free to express ourselves in a way possible to no other civilized nation on earth.

Recently I asked an Armenian-American teacher what he thought of his adopted country.

"America has a lot of imperfections," he confided. "But that is just the reason I love it. There is nothing final about it. You want to do your full bit here. You become attached to the country and come to regard it as your own

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home simply because it's imperfect. It's hard to resist the urge to help — in your own little way — make it better.

"It's different in England," my friend went on. "England is a settled-down country. You become discouraged quickly there because you feel that you are alone. But in America you instinctively feel yourself part of a great fraternal surge onward. You know there are others — struggling as you are, sharing your dreams, your ambitions, your disappointments. One has the feeling that all of us together are working toward a common goal. Ah," my friend concluded with a sigh, "you really cannot appreciate the United States until you have known Europe as I have known it."

V

PERSONALLY, I have always been everlastingly hopeful in this my adopted country. There is nothing I would rather be than what I am: a young immigrant trying to make good. I've been knocked down many times — the "recession" has me right down on the floor as I write this — but no healthy young person, immigrant or native-born, ought ever to consider himself knocked out. America is so magnificently fruitful a country, has so much of everything that is tremendously potent and (compared to Europe) so little that is fundamentally negative that those who retain their faith are rewarded with an optimism — as in the case of many loyal immigrant Americans I have known — unyielding and unshakable.

I have found that the antidote for despair — and for the resort to panaceas which despair invites — lies in adopting the historical point of view. I have chosen to appraise my adopted country over a span of several hundred years. I have observed how she has survived every period of trial imposed on her, and I have been stirred by this testimony to the greatness of the American way of life.

What is the American way? It is our sympathy for the underdog, our irrepressible urge to speak out frankly, our faith in the methods of democracy — and not war — to solve our national problems, our irreconcilable love of individual freedom and initiative.

I believe the American way is just as living and vital a tradition today as it was three hundred years ago, though I confess its operation has been pretty well muddled in recent years. My unconquerable conviction is that America will emerge triumphant from present confusions. I am profoundly sincere in the belief that Nazi, Communist, Fascist, and other shyster "patriotic" outfits will — before permanent rents are made in the fabric of our democracy — be as thoroughly exterminated as vermin in the clean household. Today they are as scabs on a wound. But tomorrow the wound will heal, and the scabs will drop off, and we will forget their ugliness.

I should like to see more of us become humbly grateful that we are living in America, where personal and civil liberties still mean something, where a representative form of government still survives, where freedom of the press continues to thwart untoward gestures to deny us our liberties. Furthermore, unlimited natural resources and social, medical, and educational advances greater than those in any other country lead me to believe that, in spite of the heckling and howling, we are a whole lot better off than any other nation in the world. This is no original thought, but it's downright comforting to an immigrant, one million of whose compatriotic kin went through hell and died in the depths of hell during the World War. We in America are secure from the ravages of the Four Horsemen — death, destruction, famine, and plague — who are mounting again in Europe their ghastly steeds. This alone is reason enough for us to stop bellyaching.

Viewing in retrospect my eighteen years in the United States, I find myself deeply indebted to my parents for having brought me here. I am also indebted to America for having accepted my brothers and parents, as well as myself, and giving us all the privilege of becoming American citizens. And I know that there are millions like us, grateful "citizens by choice," as George Washington first called us.

An immigrant can accept no greater tribute than the testimony that he has tried to live as a loyal American. And the 100-per-cent useful and desirable American, in my estimation, is more than merely a person born within the confines of certain political boundaries or subject to the accident of a certain parentage. I consider a real American one who contributes mightily what he can to the social and cultural richness of America; whose roots, perhaps watered in Europe, bear fruit here; who on free American soil becomes the living expres-

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sion of all the great dreams, all the great resolves, all the great inventions, all the eloquent testimonials to the dignity of man that the European way so effectively stifles. It is for the American way of life to rescue the seed from the ashes of war-wracked Europe, impregnate it and nurture it and inspire it to blossom in the soil of the New World.

As I view the shambles across both our great protective oceans, as I look at worlds being ground under monster political machines, at nations betrayed by treachery, at vast, semicivilized lands of broken promises and broken hopes, I whisper softly to myself over and over: There is no greater privilege today than to be an American citizen living in America! Fortunate for us: we have inherited the earth.

New England Hillside

The night goes down the hill below
The birches, and the clear stars show
Where stones have fallen from the wall,
There is no wastefulness at all.
Lamplit houses line the deep
Valley down below, and sleep
Is coming into them house by house.
Not a whippoorwill, not a mouse
But knows his right place in this plan,
The balsam trees have learned from man
How to moderate their will
And make the most of a steep hill,
How to make the most of narrow
Life left after plow and harrow
Have taken their share and how to press
Into a small place loveliness.
Even the dead know, their cold bones
Are lying where too many stones
Would leave the corn roots little room,
Where only hardhack spikes can bloom.

The houses that are going dark
Shelter ones who toe the mark
Their ancestors learned how to toe
Among long harvests of the snow
And the short ones of the corn.
These old friends of stone and thorn
Are going to bed to save the light
And leaving the birches their neat night.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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ST. LOUIS

A City in Decay

by **CHARLES EDMUNDSON**

NEARLY TWO GENERATIONS ago the late Lincoln Steffens started his famous muckraking series, "The Shame of the Cities," with an exposé of municipal corruption in St. Louis. Were he alive today, he could come back and find the raw material for further shocking civic disclosures in no way diminished.

But St. Louis today is suffering from more than the depredations of the boodlers. The city continues, of course, to be a perfect illustration of Thomas Jefferson's prophecy that when the American people "get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, they will become corrupt as in Europe." But St. Louis has become also the physical embodiment of Lewis Mumford's theories about the economic disintegration of modern urban centers.

Presumably St. Louis is no worse off than many another American city and not as badly off as some. But nevertheless she is a prime example of the discouraging plight of an urban center which is attacked simultaneously by political paralysis and economic dry rot. As for the citizens — they are in the main complacent about both conditions. Unable to summon the initiative or resolution to deal with either set of problems, they let the city drift.

What makes these conditions the more notable is the fact that they have come about in the face of certain definite advantages which the city possesses for resisting decay.

Economically, St. Louis enjoys a healthy balance between commerce and manufacturing.

In its large complement of citizens of German descent, the city has a potential backlog of civic virtue. Many of these people are descended from the 'Forty-eighters who sought refuge in this country after the democratic upsurge of 1830 and the revolution of 1848; and they preserve some of the idealism of their ancestors.

The city is fortunate also in its newspapers. Two of the three dailies are courageous and outspoken and carry on in the tradition of enlightened American journalism.

But, despite the eloquent diatribes of the editors, St. Louisans have become inured to sloppy municipal housekeeping. They have tolerated wholesale corruption of the ballot. They have elected public prosecutors notoriously lacking in zeal and effectiveness in combating crime. They have acquiesced in the mulcting of business and the exploitation of labor by ex-convicts posing as union leaders. They remained relatively unperturbed while the newspapers aired a scandal concerning the disposal of real estate of closed banks — a scandal which did not leave the occupant of the mayor's chair unaffected.

UNDER THE SMOKE PALL

IF THESE SYMPTOMS tend to follow the traditional pattern of corrupt city government, the economic symptoms are more individual. St. Louis used to be known as:

> First in shoes,
> First in booze,
> Last in the American League.

The claim of the St. Louis Browns to cellar position remains unchallenged, and the city's breweries still produce a beverage unsurpassed. St. Louis also is still known as a great shoe center, the home of the International Shoe Company, largest manufacturer in its field in the country.

But where are International factories? Thirty-nine are sprinkled around St. Louis, in such hamlets as Sweet Springs, Sikeston, Herman, and Hannibal. Only seven are in St. Louis. As St. Louis used her low-cost labor thirty years ago to attract much of New England's boot-and-shoe trade, she herself has now

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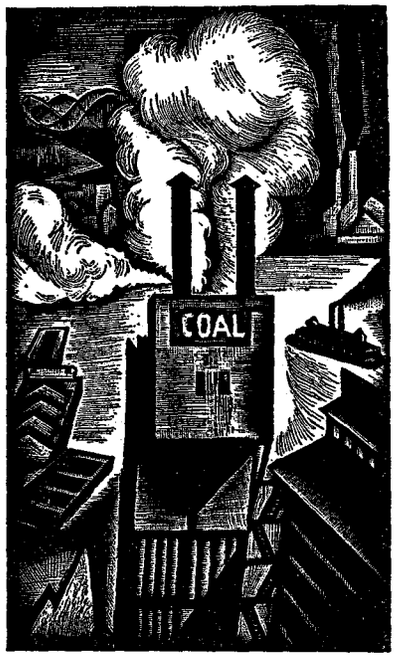
lost many of her factories to small towns having a reservoir of labor glad to work at wages which might cause trouble if offered in the home plant. The federal wage-hour law has removed much of the incentive for the migration of industry to the small towns, but it came too late to be of much benefit to St. Louis.

Today the most serious cause of economic decay in the city has nothing to do with wage rates at all. A visitor touring downtown St. Louis is amazed at the desolation and desertion characterizing scores of blocks in the business district. Farther out, he is astounded to find that much of what was until recent years the most substantial residential area of the city is being allowed to degenerate into semislums and that palatial homes are being wrecked to avoid payment of taxes. The reason for this devastation is smoke.



Other cities have smoke nuisance; St. Louis has a smoke calamity. According to tests by the United States Bureau of Public Health, she is the smokiest city in the United States leaving even Pittsburgh a lap or two behind.

The city's fuel consists almost solely of soft coal from the bituminous fields across the river in Illinois. This creates dense clouds of smoke, which the humidity tends to hold down like a blanket over the city. Seldom is there a wind sufficient to clear the smoke pall away.

On a damp day in the late fall or in the winter, smoke, throughout the city, limits the view to a short distance. When the combination of smoke and fog is at its worst, vision is limited to a few yards, and motorists proceed at a snail's pace, with headlights turned on even at noon.

Smoke gets in the eyes, nose, and lungs. Physicians specializing in disorders of the nose and throat find their schedules full. The city's landscape gardeners fight an uphill battle to get trees to survive in the downtown parks.

Natural-gas conduits, carrying smokeless fuel to cities to the north and east, skirt the edge of St. Louis, but St. Louis continues to burn smoke-generating soft coal. Coal mining across the river is practically a home industry — so the argument runs; consequently, St. Louis must burn soft coal even if this amounts to a slow and painful suicide.

The time will come, the more sanguine citizens believe, when some scientific benefactor will find a means of converting soft coal into coke at a low cost. But, as a matter of fact, if the city took action today, she could probably cause coke to be manufactured and sold in wholesale quantities at a price not greatly above that of coal, heating power considered. Or, by means of a municipally owned pipe line and distributing utility, there are those who say the city could bring in natural gas at perhaps half the price per therm charged by the existing private utility — which has been one of the worst-abused units in the nation.

Uneconomic Government

Whatever the answer may be, it obviously is not to sit idly by while smoke completes its function of driving the majority of solvent citizens out into the countryside, where rigid regulations against the burning of coal offer protection against the blight of the city. Since 1920, the city's population has increased by only about fifty thousand. St. Louis County, which does not include the city proper, meanwhile has increased nearly two hundred thousand. Most of the finer homes, the residences of the wealthier citizens, are now to be found in the country.

In the past ten years, the assessed valuation of city property has declined $250,000,000, or one fifth, while property valuation in the county has risen proportionately. Meanwhile the city has contributed handsomely toward the construction of a $7,000,000 express highway to speed the exodus into the county of those who can afford to commute by motor between their country homes and their places of business in the city.

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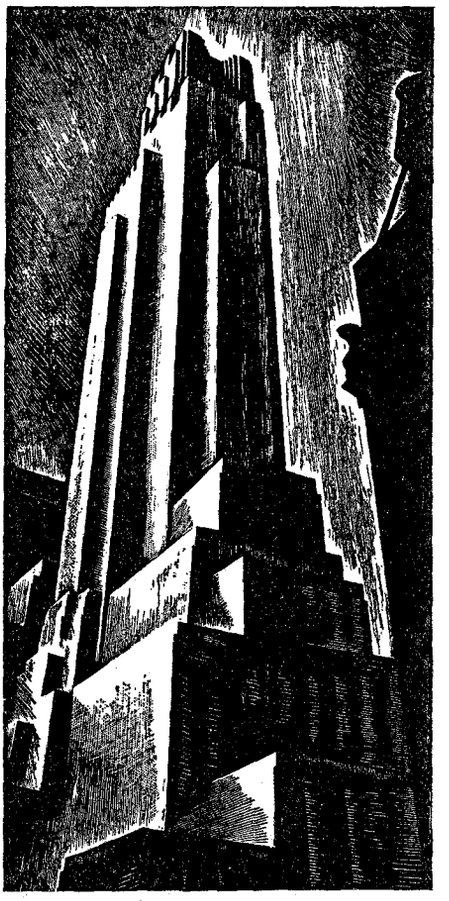
The City of St. Louis and the federal government have undertaken to spend jointly $9,000,000 to clear away forty blocks of the smoke-blighted business section and to make a river-front park which the vast majority of the citizens will rarely see. Other millions of public funds are to be spent on slum-clearance projects. It would seem to be elementary wisdom to spend a portion of this money to subsidize a coking plant or some other plan to put an end to the curse of smoke. For, until this condition is remedied, the smoke pall will create slums faster than public subsidies can remove them, and even the model housing projects will be dreary abodes.



Occasionally one of the city fathers issues a denunciation of those who make their livelihood in the city but escape paying their part toward support of the municipal government by living in the country. Two years ago Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann, elected on a "businessman" ticket, proposed a city income tax for persons falling in this class, but the proposal ran into such a storm of opposition that it was quickly abandoned. The merchants opposed it because the surrounding municipalities threatened to retaliate with prohibitory taxes against the delivery of goods bought in the city.

Patently the whole thickly populated area of metropolitan St. Louis (or that part of it on the Missouri side of the river) should be merged under one municipal government. Under favorable conditions, such a consolidation would make for economy and efficiency. But most of the suburban municipalities feel they are well governed, and they are sure the City of St. Louis is not.

It is true, however, that the city treasury itself is comparatively safe.

For twenty-two years, Comptroller Louis K. Nolte, as fine a combination of character and ability as the German stock has produced, has stood guard over the municipal till. Six feet two inches tall in his stockinged feet, with broad shoulders, a thick shock of gray hair, and blue-gray eyes which look one over in calm appraisal, Nolte has the appearance of a grenadier in mufti, keeping watch over the city's strongbox. Minor padding of contracts may be beyond his power to prevent, and he has no direct authority to cope with a mayor who wants to pack the payroll with political ragtag. Yet, as an elected official himself, he can issue statements questioning contracts which seem out of line and calling attention to the state of the payroll.

A Republican, Mr. Nolte has performed the political miracle of twice surviving Democratic avalanches which spared him alone of a once solidly Republican administration. Unluckily for St. Louis, he means to retire at the end of his present term and spend his remaining years at his Florissant Valley farm, where he is now able to go only on week ends. The cynics say, "Wait until the Democratic machine gets a comptroller who is under its thumb!"

The Government behind the Scenes

However that may be, the aberrations of the machine already are such as to bring spasms of nausea to those devoted to decent government. The ballot box has been brazenly and habitually corrupted. The judiciary is debased with third-rate legal shysters. Racial groups — one of them alone numbers 11 per cent of the city's population — regularly vote in solid blocs for whichever party will promise them the greatest concessions.

Kansas City has led the nation in recent years in publicity on fraudulent voting, but St. Louis has been a close second. In a series of news articles and editorials which won for it the Pulitzer Prize "for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any

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American newspaper during the year 1936," the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* revealed wholesale election frauds in the primary registration, including more than forty thousand ghost names on the rolls. It exposed equally appalling frauds in the bond-issue election of September, 1935.

For a period of months, the *Post-Dispatch* sent out a large staff of reporters to check registration lists against the occupants of dwellings. Irrefutable proof was accumulated to show the commission of thousands of felonies.

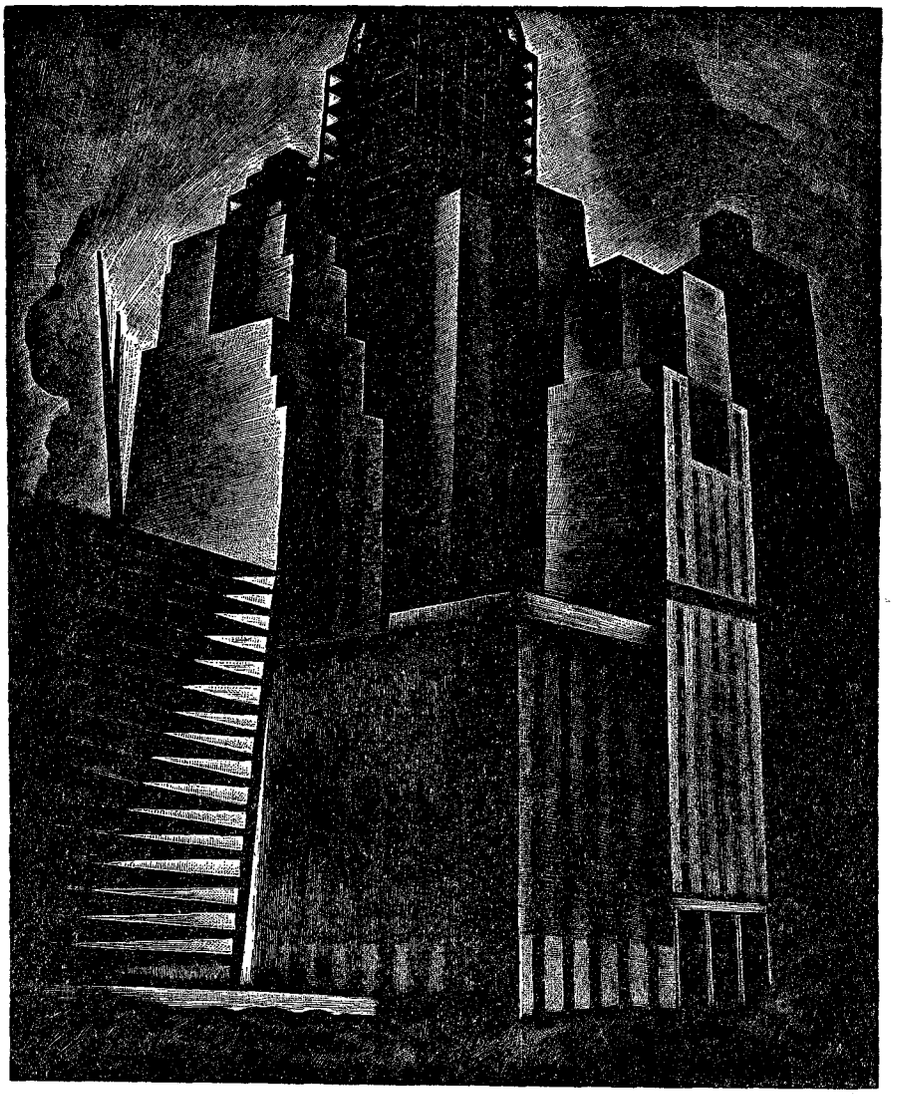
Since many of the irregularities were laid at the door of the Board of Election commissioners, whose duty it is to supervise registrations, a demand was made on the governor of the State to oust them as unfit for public office. The governor, who had appointed them, summarily dismissed them.

A "runaway" grand jury returned sixty-eight felony indictments. In its report it recognized that it had time only to scratch the surface. Yet three years have gone by, and not only have no additional indictments been returned, but there has not been and will not be one conviction on the indictments which were found.

The protection which the incumbent Democratic machine was able to extend its minions in these cases stands as an open invitation for the further pollution of the ballot box. In the face of judges who were elected by the machine and who are able to cover up their partisanship by citing law from the hopelessly outmoded Missouri criminal code, civic decency has no chance.

It has been revealed that at least four circuit judges owe their positions on the bench in whole or in part to the political support and campaign contributions of Beverly Brown and Gully Owen, overlords of the local handbook trust and powerful backstage figures in the Democratic party. (Local handbook shops, which even in bad times do a business estimated at $25,000,000 a year, buy the Brown-Owen racing-news service, without which they cannot operate.)

Mellowed and flushed with economic success after the rough and tumble of the years, Brown and Owen sometimes talk. In a burst of frankness recently, Owen, discussing the local judiciary, said: "Now, take Judge So-and-So. He's incompetent, and we backed him, and he got there largely with our backing. He oughtn't to be there." Was he talking about the judge who interceded with the Iowa Parole Board for a notorious gangster — the same judge who fronted for another convict in Michigan, who



Woodcuts & Etching by Howard Cook *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

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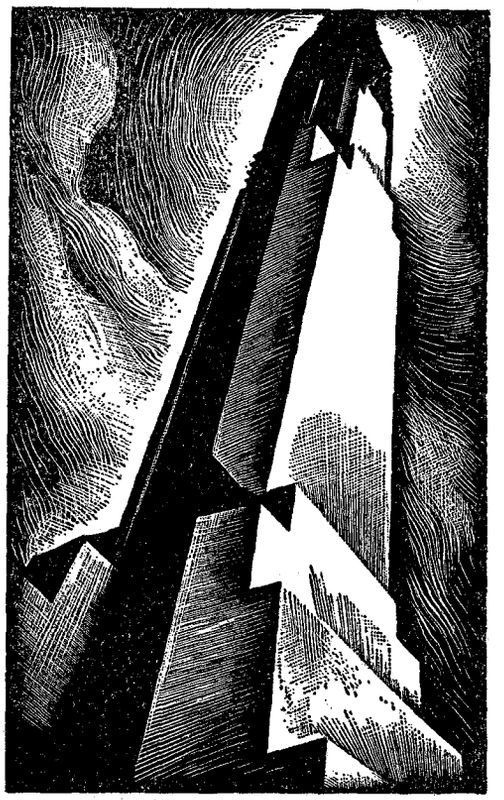
was released only to come back to St. Louis and throw a bomb, for which he has just received a twenty-five-year sentence in the Missouri penitentiary? Well, he might have been talking about a number of St. Louis judges.



Labor Fakers

Politics and crime are so interlaced in St. Louis, and the machinery of prosecution is so palpably inefficient that the public is bowed under the burden of the tribute it must shell out to the racketeers.

Few cities stand to benefit more than St. Louis if the Department of Justice succeeds in its campaign to root out monopolistic conspiracies among building-material dealers, contractors, and building-trade unions. The cost of plastering, for example, is inflated to the point where Secretary Ickes refuses to allow WPA funds to be used to pay for plastering on buildings which his agency helps erect in St. Louis.

Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold has designated St. Louis as one of the cities in which the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice will make a special drive against price-fixing combinations in the construction industry. Two weeks after this announcement was made, nine dealers in electric cable showed their contempt for the Department of Justice's move by making identical bids, down to the last penny, when the city had to buy several thousand dollars' worth of their product. They may be overconfident because of the apparent ease with which the glazing and plastering contractors — and unions — beat indictments on price-fixing charges in federal court here two years ago.

Under the disguise of collective bargaining, hardened gangsters who have shot or bulldozed their way into control of certain unions enforce a tyrannical rule over both businessmen and workers. If arrested and indicted, they can usually rely on lackadaisical prosecution and on clumsy criminal statutes to free them. If the case against them is dangerously strong, they may try to intimidate or even kill the key witnesses.

A year or so ago, two men bombed a nonunion dry-cleaning establishment. Lee Baker, a Negro, on his way to a bakery for breakfast rolls, saw the bombing and later identified Isadore Londe, an old-time gangster and trigger man for racketeers, as one of the criminals.

There was other evidence to connect Londe with the crime, and with Baker's testimony there was little chance for him to go free, even in the St. Louis courts. Things looked dark for the gangster, especially as the bombing was a capital offense, owing to the fact that it endangered the life of a man sleeping in quarters adjoining the shop.

Witnesses in gangster cases had been murdered in St. Louis, even in the presence of officers detailed to guard their lives; so Baker was hidden out on a farm in southwest Missouri. But the gangsters learned his whereabouts and lured him back to the city. They shot him twice in a deserted clubhouse and left him to die. When they came back a few hours later to put the body in the quicklime pit they had prepared, it was gone. The Negro's vitality was such that he had survived, although a bullet had entered his eye and come out at the back of his head.

Baker lived to give the testimony that brought a twenty-five-year sentence in the bombing case, but the men who defied the courts to make the attempt on his life have never been identified.

Several unions in St. Louis have been ruled, either openly or behind the scenes, by men no better than Londe and, like him, possessing criminal records. Usually they practice extortion against the members of their own unions as well as against employers and the public.

In some cases — the Service Car Drivers Union is an example — they are in the position

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of being virtually both employers and union heads. The service-car drivers, men who operate their own machines as jitneys on established routes, pay their union bosses dues and fees of $32 a month. This is more than some of them make in profits.

Conditions in some of the most abused unions have been cleared up, at least temporarily, under the impetus of the anticrime drive of the State government. For example John P. Nick, czar of the Motion Picture Operators' Union, has been ousted by court order, following his indictment on a $10,000 extortion charge. Nick had been the object of a long-standing revolt in his union but had been able to hold his position through the support of George P. Browne, international head of the Theatrical Stage Employees and Motion Picture Operators' Union. When Browne refused to take action, the local members of the union went into court and obtained a receivership for the union, with William Brandt, head of the Central Trades Council, as co-receiver. When William Green was in town recently, he rapped Brandt for his part in the move, giving comfort indirectly to the unsavory Nick.

Intellectual Indifference

What about the intellectual life of St. Louis?

In the late '90's and on up to 1920, the penetrating literary judgments and trenchant pen of William Marion Reedy gave the city character in the eyes of the rest of the country. Reedy, a lusty trencherman who married the keeper of a bordello and whose friends included such diverse types as John L. Sullivan, John Drinkwater, and Lord Dunsany, was the focus of a brilliant and informal *salon*. Through his *Mirror*, he helped introduce Yeats, Synge, and Æ to America. He first published the poems of Sara Teasdale, was a valuable critic of Zoe Akins in her formative days, and wrote criticism that helped shape the genius of Theodore Dreiser. Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* was first published in the *Mirror*.

Prohibition came, and Reedy died. St. Louis' literary and intellectual life has sunk back to a level not much above that of the average American city. Her public libraries are being starved by the city administration. Her art museum is being stuffed with bronze Egyptian cats and mediocre paintings by European artists, medieval and modern, while the work of Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, Caleb Bingham, and other authentic interpreters of the Middle West is represented meagerly or not at all. Meyric Rogers, the talented and able curator of the museum, grew tired of the opinionated board of directors and resigned to go with the Art Institute of Chicago.

The German love for good music, however, has made itself felt in various ways. The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra has gone forward in the past ten or fifteen years, and is recognized as one of the best to be found in the country, excluding only New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Municipal Opera, with one of the finest outdoor theaters in the world, has built

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up a wide following for light opera. Any night in the summer from eight to twelve thousand citizens will be found at the amphitheater in Forest Park, listening to *Pirates of Penzance*, *The Student Prince*, or *Rose-Marie*.

St. Louis has two large institutions of higher learning.

St. Louis University carries on in the thorough Jesuit tradition of classical knowledge, but it snaps off the head of a professor who dares speak out for republican Spain, even though the professor is in the medical college.

Washington University has one of the finest medical colleges in the land but can hardly claim pre-eminence in any other department. Its board of trustees is self-perpetuating and consists, with some exceptions, of rich and conservative businessmen and industrialists. The composition of the board tends to cast an administrative shadow over the school.

The Future of St. Louis

The question remains why it is that a city like St. Louis does not seem to possess within herself the latent power of civic regeneration. Why do not the citizens arise and throw out the prosecutors who have no stomach for their jobs, the judges who allow technicalities to be invoked for the protection of public enemies, the legislators who refuse to revise the criminal code, the police officials who are too slow or careless to cope with crime and racketeering? There is no simple answer but rather a complex of reasons.

The citizens vote largely as members of parties, and the gambling magnates, the racketeers, and their attorneys make it a point to be influential in the party councils. They and the representatives of other predatory groups are likely to hold the balance of power in intraparty conferences. The large business interests do not like racketeering, but they are hardly interested in promoting a vigorous reform movement. They have their own interests to protect, and they know it is easy to make deals with the men behind the scenes in the machine. They have no assurance that a reform movement might not bring into office men they could not control.

The voters tend to fall into blocs which give or withhold their support on the basis of what the candidates can promise their groups. For instance, 11 per cent of the voters in St. Louis are Negroes. Until 1932, they voted solidly Republican. Now they vote solidly for the New Deal.

When Circuit Attorney Joe Folk convicted the boodlers in St. Louis just after the turn of the century, the political judges of the State Supreme Court turned them loose one by one, and soon most of them were reinstated in power by the voters. The crusading prosecutor talked the matter over with Lincoln Steffens. They decided they must carry their fight for reform over the heads of the people of St. Louis to the uncorrupted voters out in the State. It was a piece of strategy, of course, which Jefferson would have approved. Folk was elected Governor without much trouble, but he soon found out that the people of the State at large didn't like vigorously honest and efficient government any better than the people of St. Louis. After Folk left the Governor's chair, he never won election to any other office.

Being an attorney and the representative of large business interests, Folk avoided drawing any philosophical conclusions from his experience, but Steffens' agile mind went on to seek a new formula. He concluded that nothing fundamental could be done to end corruption and bring enlightened government until the conflict between political and economic power was ended by the merger of the two under socialism. But socialistic governments in the past ten or fifteen years have shown an incapacity to resist the rude shocks to which they are subject. Steffens himself showed signs of losing his ardor for socialism before he died.

St. Louis can be regenerated politically and rescued from economic decay if she can bring her wisest and ablest men into the active service of the city. But, to succeed, even these must possess more than ordinary wisdom and ability, in the ordinary sense of those words. They must have, also, political magnetism, to attract the loyalty of the rank and file of the citizens.

There are men like this in St. Louis, but they are in positions they do not care to leave to risk the doubtful fortunes of politics. Unless, however, this class of citizens — those who live in the suburbs as well as the city — can subordinate some of their own personal and economic interests and come together for the solution of St. Louis' political and economic problems, the process of disintegration appears likely to continue.

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Blood and Bones

*Plaster—War Surgery's Latest Advance**

by **LEIGH WHITE**

War has few good points. One of the few is that it kills, wounds, and mutilates so many hundreds of thousands of people that surgeons on the spot are provided with a wealth of laboratory conditions that could exist at no other time. The very handicaps of wartime surgery present doctors with the opportunity — indeed, the necessity — of resorting to such improvised methods of treatment that valuable discoveries must result.

The tragedy, of course, is that the benefits accruing to man from the surgical methods devised in time of war in no way compensate for the total destruction of human life the war causes. The perfection of the means of human conservation, unfortunately, lags far behind the perfection of the means of human destruction.

One single bombing of Barcelona's Carrer de les Corts, between 1:55 and 1:57 P.M. on March 17, 1938, killed 415 persons and wounded 579. In two minutes, more lives were blotted out than the plaster treatment of Dr. Josép Trueta-Raspall could have saved in a month; more people were wounded than he and his staff could have treated in a week.

Nevertheless, wars do contribute to medical and surgical progress, and the Spanish war, with its estimated toll of a million lives, was no exception. It was directly responsible for Dr. Frederic Durán-Jordá's perfection of the Russian "autoinjectible" method of transfusing preserved blood into the veins of dying soldiers at the front. (The British army has since adopted Dr. Durán's blood-transfusing technique as the official method of treating wounded.) This war was also responsible for the first large-scale use of nicotinic-acid injections (developed in the United States), in the treatment of pellagra sufferers in starving Madrid.

Not the least important, though perhaps the least known, of the surgical developments of the Spanish war is Dr. Trueta's perfection of the Orr "closed plaster" treatment of fractures of the arms and legs. While Germany and Italy were using Spain as a proving ground for their airplanes and cannon, the chief surgeon of Barcelona's General Hospital was using the carnage they wrought to try out the plaster treatment devised by the American army surgeon, Hiram Winnet Orr, in the last days of the World War.

Wartime fractures, it must be remembered, are far different from the fractures commonly encountered in a doctor's civil practice. Peacetime fractures are mostly "simple"; that is, the skin remains unbroken, the bone is usually broken in only one place, and the danger of infection or osteomyelitis is remote. In war, however, all fractures are "compound" and open; the bullet, shrapnel, or fragment of shell or bomb penetrates the flesh, shatters the bone to pieces, and leaves a dirty, infected wound. The muscles are torn, the nerves and blood vessels ruptured, and the jagged ends of bone exposed. In civil practice, even the most serious compound fracture, such as might be caused in an automobile crash, would probably never present as much shattering of bone and destruction of tissue as the simplest fracture occurring in war. Moreover, in modern warfare, a high percentage of explosive and dumdum (expanding) bullets are to be expected. This means that fractures will not only be infected but that bones will be crushed into dozens or even as many as a hundred bits, thus making good consolidation an extremely difficult, if not impossible, task.

Normally, such fractures would require amputation and might even result in death. Cer-

* Editor's Note: — *This article, written by a layman, has been read and approved by a competent surgeon.*

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Etchings from War, by Kerr Eby — *Courtesy Yale University Press*

tainly, many of them would develop severe infections or osteomyelitis, requiring months of treatment and resulting in limbs which, if not totally useless, would have lost normal functions to a great degree.

But in spite of — or perhaps because of — an appalling lack of surgical equipment and trained assistance, Dr. Trueta in Barcelona made it possible for the surgeons of succeeding wars to minimize the deaths and mutilations of millions of wounded.

The Trueta technique is to enclose every open fracture, whether caused by bomb fragment, shell, or explosive bullet, under a heavy plaster cast. By refraining from irritating the wound with antiseptics and drugs; by refraining from opening or removing the cast, even though the plaster became saturated with blood or pus, Dr. Trueta was able to effect cures previously considered impossible. Dr. Trueta says himself: "We used to have a saying at the General Hospital, 'When the cast becomes stained with blood after the initial treatment, the prognosis of the wound is almost always favorable.'" In blunter words, Dr. Trueta's system is to cover the wound with a shell of plaster and let it stew in its own juice.

His results are extraordinary. Between September, 1937, and April, 1938, Dr. Trueta used his closed-plaster treatment on 605 open-fracture cases especially selected for their gravity. Of these, he lost only one. He was able to restore relatively normal function to the legs and arms of all but a dozen of the rest. Compared with the Surgeon General's statistics on American wounded in our last war — when death resulted in 25 per cent of all femur fractures and in over 12 per cent of all fractures treated — Dr. Trueta's method seems little short of miraculous.

II

LET US EXAMINE a few of his cases.

Francisco F, forty-two years old, was gravely wounded in the heavy bombing of Barcelona on January 19, 1938. He was admitted to the General Hospital in a critical condition: open fracture of the upper right arm, fractured el-

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bow, and large flesh wounds on the back. But, in spite of great tissue destruction, his pulse was good, and he could move his hands and fingers. Instead of amputating, therefore, as other surgeons might have done, Dr. Trueta performed under ether an operation known as *débridement* — cutting away all dead tissue and removing foreign matter from the wounds. He then replaced the shattered humerus in good position and gathered all bone fragments about the point of fracture. Finally he took a few stitches in either end of the wound to hold it together, inserted a rubber drain, and enclosed arm and thorax in a plaster cast extending from waist to neck. The arm was held in position by wire braces running from the thoracic to the arm cast, after the manner of the "airplane" splint devised during the World War.

Within five days the cast became soaked with blood. Alarmed, doctors at the hospital suggested removing the cast and draining the arm. But Dr. Trueta declined. The patient's temperature had almost returned to normal; he suffered no pain or other symptoms of infection; and his pulse was not rapid enough to indicate a hemorrhage. Dr. Trueta refused to touch the cast for *ten weeks*, despite its increasingly frightening appearance and foul odor.

On the seventieth day, he broke the plaster open and found that the fracture had healed with but a slight deformity and that the flesh wound around it had become covered with granulation tissue, as had all the other flesh wounds. Dr. Trueta did not even bother to apply another cast. Francisco F from then on improved so rapidly that he was released, a cured man, ninety-eight days after receiving a wound which, under normal treatment, would probably have necessitated an amputation.

The one patient out of 605 whom Dr. Trueta was unable to save was Carmen M, a thirty-one-year-old woman horribly wounded during the St. Patrick's Day raid. She was not received

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at the hospital until several hours after being wounded. On examination, she was found to have suffered two open fractures of the lower right leg, a third open fracture of the lower left leg, and numerous flesh wounds throughout the body. As there were hundreds of injured lining the halls of the General Hospital, an intern merely wrapped this woman's legs in bandages and splints, soaked them in Carrel-Dakin solution, and left her to wait her turn. By the following morning, when Dr. Trueta got around to her, circulation in her right foot had practically ceased, and her entire body was growing cold. Amputation was out of the question; she would have died on the operating table. Dr. Trueta, as an experiment, encased both legs in plaster from feet to waist and then went on to the next of the hundreds of waiting patients.

Meanwhile, fourteen other bombings occurred, each one producing several hundred more wounded, and Carmen M received no further attention for three days. At that time she seemed better. On the fourth day, however, her right leg began to give off the fearful stench which indicates the presence of gangrene. Breaking open the cast, Dr. Trueta found her leg full of gas and black in color as far up as the knee. He amputated immediately but was not surprised when she failed to survive the shock.

If this case indicates the limitations of the closed-plaster treatment, the case of Isidro L, commander of an infantry battalion on the Zaragoza front, reveals its tremendous possibilities. He was blown up by an insurgent mine on September 5, 1937. Besides numerous musculo-cutaneous wounds all over his body, he also sustained an open fracture of both bones of the left forearm, with great destruction of tissue and irreparable loss of nerve substance. He was taken to a front-line dressing station, where the fracture and other wounds were cleaned and treated antiseptically. He was then evacuated to a field hospital farther to the rear; but this was overcrowded and badly equipped, and he was immediately removed to a base hospital still farther back. Here also there were no proper facilities for treatment of such a case, and after several days he was again evacuated — this time all the way to Barcelona.

Isidro L was received by Dr. Trueta on September 15, ten days after receiving his wounds. By that time he had developed a fever of 104, and his ulnar nerve had become paralyzed. The wound around the center of the fracture had meanwhile become badly infected. Dr. Trueta spent over an hour cutting away moribund tissue with scissors and removing particles of dirt and other foreign matter. Then, carefully replacing the fragments of both bones at their points of fracture, he enclosed the arm in a plaster cast.

Within seven days the patient's temperature had dropped to 101, and his general condition had greatly improved. By the tenth day, however, the cast had become soaked with pus, and Dr. Trueta broke it open. He found that a part of the ulna had become separated from the rest of the bone fragments and had formed a sequestrum near the surface of the wound. He removed this and applied a second cast.

By the twentieth day, Isidro L's temperature had returned to normal, and the fracture had begun to heal, although the ulnar paralysis remained. This second cast went untouched until the forty-fifth day, when the wound somehow became infected and badly swollen. Cracking open the plaster, Dr. Trueta discovered that, though the flesh wound had begun to cover over with granulation, cellulitis had set in. When this had been treated successfully in the usual manner, Dr. Trueta took an X-ray picture of the arm. Finding that the fracture had already consolidated, he did not bother to apply another cast.

Isidro L was released a month later — sixty-six days after being admitted to the hospital and seventy-six days after receiving a series of wounds that normally would have been fatal. With the exception of ulnar paralysis — there was never any hope of saving the nerve — he regained good use of his hand and completely normal use of the thumb and first two fingers. After a few weeks of rest, he was able to return to the front.

III

THERE ARE two main reasons why Dr. Trueta was able to save 604 of his 605 fracture cases. First, he treated his open fractures as the serious wounds they are; he operated on them at once, performing careful *débridements* of all dead and dying tissue and cleaning out all foreign matter before immobilizing the wounds.

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The second reason is a function of the first. Trusting implicitly in the closed-plaster method, he ignored traditional antiseptic methods and let the occluding plaster, with its almost perfect immobilization, take care of all exigencies. Therein lies the revolutionary character of his technique.

Before the second year of the World War, when the Carrel-Dakin antiseptic treatment was adopted, large numbers of wounded died, or were confined for months in hospital because there was no way of adequately curbing severe infections. After the adoption of Carrel-Dakin antisepsis, however, there was a tendency to concentrate so heavily on checking infection that fractures themselves and the necessity of restoring partial or complete function to injured members were ignored.

At least two World War surgeons, however, appreciated the inadequacy of World War methods: Hiram Winnet Orr and William S. Baer, both attached to the American Expeditionary Force in France. Working separately, these two surgeons provided Dr. Trueta with the bases for his treatment.

Dr. Baer, for his part, was troubled by the excessive mortality among fracture cases received more than eight hours after wounding. Usually, such patients developed acute infections and died within a few days.

One day, however, two American soldiers, who had lain in no man's land for more than seven days without so much as a drink of water, were brought into Dr. Baer's hospital still very much alive. Both had received ugly open fractures. But, despite the fact that they had received no care whatever, their wounds were not infected — far from it; they were covered over with healthy granulation. Puzzled, Dr. Baer opened up the wounds and found that they were alive with maggots. Thousands on thousands of blow-fly larvae had hatched in them and saved the two men's lives.

Now Dr. Baer knew he was not the first surgeon ever to have observed the effects of maggots. Ambroise Paré, the famous surgeon of Henri II, had remarked about maggots in his journals; so had Fabricius, in 1634; Zachmann, in 1704; Larrey, in Napoleonic days; and even Zacharias, in the American Civil War. But nobody had ever gone much beyond mere observation.

When the war was over, Dr. Baer returned to Baltimore to work in the research laboratories of Johns Hopkins Hospital. There, before his death in 1931, he was able to develop a cure for osteomyelitis and tuberculosis of the bones by injecting sterile blow-fly larvae into the suppurating lesions produced by these once incurable diseases.

Dr. Baer wrote that he believed the efficacy of the maggot treatment was due to some biochemical action on the tissues — probably the production of an active principle that caused the tissues themselves to react and alkalize the wounds. He also suggested that the very movements of the maggots inside the wound maintained drainage and forced the elimination of disintegrated elements. And it went without saying, of course, that the blow-fly larvae, merely by feeding on the pus in an infected wound, prevented further colonization of germs and thus reduced the field of infection.

M. A. Stewart, a student of Dr. Baer's, added another observation. Grinding up blow-fly maggots and triturating the resultant juice, he found that maggots exude calcium through their body walls — and it is well known that calcium ions assist in the production of phagocytes (bacteria-consuming cells).

Meanwhile Dr. Orr, working at the University of Nebraska, approached the same problem by a different method. His dilemma was the problem of which to treat first — infection or fracture. He found that, if he treated an infection first, he endangered the knitting of the fracture; if the fracture, the infection was liable to kill the patient before the fracture had time to heal.

Dr. Orr finally solved the problem by carefully "débriding" the disintegrated tissues of the wound, removing all foreign bodies, packing the wound with sterile gauze and vaseline, and then applying plaster. He found that the patient usually developed a high fever but that, as the plaster immobilized his wound — that is, kept him from jarring or moving the limb — the fracture would knit with relative ease. Somehow, the infection usually disappeared without any direct treatment and without ever being subjected to antiseptics or drugs.

IV

But osteomyelitis, tuberculosis, and the other conditions on which Dr. Orr was able to experiment in the postwar years, serious as

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they may be, are as nothing compared to an arm or leg that has been badly shattered and infected by a bomb fragment or an explosive bullet. Nor were there ever enough cases in civil practice to permit any thoroughgoing research. It remained for Dr. Trueta, working in Barcelona, where he had hundreds of mangled arms and legs to treat every week, to combine the findings of Baer and Orr and apply them, with additions and modifications of his own, on a wartime scale.

The most important finding of Dr. Trueta was that the surgeon in time of war can count on the closed-plaster method to cure by natural processes the infection that almost invariably develops. Secondly, he found that the bacteriocidal effect of plaster has nothing to do with local sterilization factors such as alkalization (as Baer believed) or ammonification (as others believed). For, in the bacteriological tests he made on his wounded, he found that large numbers of pathogenic microbes were always present and in practically the same number, even though the infection had disappeared. He also found that, though a certain amount of ammonia was present in all the wounds, their secretions were always acidic. Finally, Dr. Trueta credited the impressive results he had achieved with the closed-plaster treatment to two basic factors, the one orthopedic, the other biological.

The orthopedic factor, he says, is that a completely and permanently closed plaster cast, extending from beyond the next articulation on either side of the center of the fracture, is the most perfect means of immobilization, so necessary for the good consolidation of a fractured bone and for keeping infection at a minimum. And, when Dr. Trueta refers to a closed cast, he means just that; he opposes such compromises as "windows." (Bohler and other surgeons believe in immobilizing a limb as much as possible by means of plaster but cut an opening over the site of the wound, in order to treat it with drugs and to keep drainage at a maximum.)

Dr. Trueta's biological factor is that the immobilization itself provokes a bacteriocidal war among the various types of germs enclosed under the cap of plaster. This view is not as fanciful as it sounds, for it is well known that bacteria are mutually antagonistic. If they are collected together under airtight conditions, with a calcium-sulphate cast surrounding them to absorb all secretions and neutralize their effect, it is logical to assume that the progress of infection is thus arrested. The mysterious "bacteriophage" known to be produced in all this hell of bacteria may be regarded as a form of plague, which attacks and either kills off or renders harmless the already weakened germs.

Ignorant of plaster's possibilities, the surgeons of the World War developed a lot of weird machinery for the immobilization of fractures, most of which Dr. Trueta expects his treatment to do away with entirely.

The best known of these is the "airplane" splint — a wire fin designed to hold the patient's fractured arm up and away from his body, in good position. The airplane was used to excess in the Spanish war, according to Dr. Trueta, both in combination with and without a plaster cast. Though the airplane helps keep a wounded arm in good position, it really does not immobilize the fracture. Dr. Trueta prefers to replace the airplane splint with a thoracic plaster cast, running from waist to neck and enveloping the whole arm, using wire simply to reinforce the plaster. Only thus, he believes, can near-perfect immobilization be obtained.

Dr. Trueta also opposes the use of the "Kirschner pin" and other traction devices, except in the most serious leg cases, when it is impossible to hold the femur in good position by any other means. The Kirschner apparatus consists of a pointed steel rod or skewer, suspended from above, which is driven through the patient's ankle to hold his leg in elevated traction. But Dr. Trueta believes that, unless such immobilization is used in combination with a plaster cast, it fails to achieve its aim, since the pin alone cannot prevent the patient from moving his leg and thereby jarring his shattered bone and tearing his muscles every time he has to move about in bed.

V

By trusting implicitly in the curative properties of the plaster cast, and opposing every device to compromise immobilization for antiseptic considerations, Dr. Trueta is confident the whole wartime hospital system can be improved and simplified.

Plaster in powder form, he says, can be hauled to the front lines by the truckload and kept on hand, along with gauze bandages and

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splints, at every dressing station. Then, instead of performing only antiseptic first aid on fractures and waiting until belly, lung, and brain cases are out of the way before even evacuating fracture patients to hospitals, surgeons could "débride" their fractures and apply plaster casts all in one operation, right at the front. This technique would avoid the long delays which, up till now, have always been the fracture patient's lot; it would also make it possible for the fracture patient to enjoy the advantages of immediate immobilization and thereby increase his chances of a rapid and complete recovery.

In the World War, fractures accounted for 5,125,220 of the 14,544,536 man-days lost in American hospitals by wounded of all classifications.

The next greatest cause of time lost in hospitals — penetrating wounds — resulted in a loss of only 3,597,759 days. But, since 42,374 patients suffering penetrating wounds were admitted to A.E.F. hospitals, the number of days lost per man came to 88; whereas, for the 25,272 fracture cases, the average length of hospitalization was 204 days (from two to three times longer than the average length of hospitalization with the closed-plaster method).

Poison-gas patients, 70,552 of whom were admitted to American hospitals (almost half the total of 153,532 admissions), lost only 2,947,308 man-days — or an average of 41 days in hospital per man.

Fractures not only require the longest treatment of all types of war wounds; they also produce the greatest disability. Of the 22,330 wounded discharged from the A.E.F. because of disability, 11,740 — more than half — were fracture cases. Penetrating wounds resulted in only 4,982 disablements, poison gases in only 2,857. In other words, only 4 per cent of the soldiers suffering gas poisoning were disabled, whereas 44 per cent of the soldiers suffering fractures were disabled.

The certainty of the plaster treatment's reducing the number of days in hospital, as well as of minimizing the danger of disablement, therefore would seem to be well worth the trouble of setting up special fracture hospitals all along the front. Such hospitals would necessarily be mobile units based on the French *autochir* ("operating room on wheels"), to be able to shift about as the scene of battle shifts and also to minimize the risk of destruction or capture. The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and other organizations established several dozen such mobile front hospitals in Spain and were able to achieve impressive results.

Dr. Trueta believes that orthopedic hospital trains should also be established, to guarantee prompt treatment for fracture cases outside the range of the special hospitals and to which all fracture cases could be evacuated, without having to run through the cascade of hospitals extending back from the front. Besides immeasurably improving the fracture patient's chances of recovery, such a plan as Dr. Trueta outlines would vastly simplify the structure of the medical corps and would relieve field and base hospitals, as well as the ambulance services, of 20 per cent of their burden. For, since fracture cases represent 20 per cent of all wartime wounded and about 90 per cent of all serious wounded (most abdominal, brain, and lung cases die before they can be treated), the long files of ambulances, the constant traffic jams, and the inundation of hospitals could be vastly relieved by treating and sorting out fractures at the front and evacuating them directly to orthopedic hospitals miles behind the lines.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *All statistics quoted are from Volume XI, Parts 1 & 2, of* The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War; *Washington, 1926.*

In an early issue:

'This Won't Hurt Much,'

the story of modern anaesthetics,

by Marguerite Clark

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Many FORUM readers find the Quiz a stimulating source of entertainment when friends drop in or at parties. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, EZRA STONE, well-known radio actor, scored 70. A businessman scored 65, a housewife 77½. Answers on page IX of advertising section.

1. "My name is Joe Kallikak," says a stranger at a cocktail party. You ponder. Kallikak? Oh yes, that name is famous in:
(*a*) *geology* (*b*) *zoology* (*c*) *sociology*

2. One and only one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *Rembrandt never painted landscapes.*
(*b*) *Thomas Eakins loved to portray American sports.*
(*c*) *Gilbert Stuart painted poor heads, good figures.*

3. "The trouble with Lou Nova," says Aunt Clytemnestra, reading the sports pages, "is that he has no Sunday punch." What Auntie means is that:
(*a*) *he can't hit equally hard with both hands*
(*b*) *he has no reserve strength* (*c*) *he trains on beer*
(*d*) *he has no special, powerful punch*

4. Speaking of sport, the man who won the national amateur golf championship was a young fellow named:
(*a*) *Ward* (*b*) *Chapman* (*c*) *Sickafoos* (*d*) *Snead*

5. Which one of these remote regions is being explored and charted more than at any time in its history?
(*a*) *Wrangell Island* (*b*) *the Antarctic*
(*c*) *Madagascar* (*d*) *Greenland* (*e*) *the Arctic*

6. In what painting technique is an albuminous material, such as the white of an egg, used instead of oil?
(*a*) *gouache* (*b*) *tempera* (*c*) *pastel* (*d*) *charcoal*

7. Hollywood's latest "find," William Shakespeare, is now a promising script writer for M. G. M. He wants to use this speech but can't recall which of his stage plays it is from. Can you help Will out?

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom!

(*a*) *A Comedy of Errors* (*b*) *The Taming of the Shrew*
(*c*) *As You Like It* (*d*) *Romeo and Juliet*

8. The "ivy league" football championship is anyone's guess this autumn, but perhaps you recall which colleges the league includes:
(*a*) *Dartmouth, Harvard, Cornell, etc.*
(*b*) *Michigan, Iowa, Ohio, et al.*
(*c*) *Washington, Oregon, S. California, etc.*

9. Yes, Lewis Carroll wrote it, but what's its name?

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

(*a*) *The Walrus and the Carpenter*
(*b*) *Jabberwocky*
(*c*) *How Doth the Little (Crocodile)*

10. Which one of these sentences is a palindrome?
(*a*) *Madam, I'm Adam.* (*b*) *I'll take vanilla.*
(*c*) *You can always tell a Harvard man but you can't tell him much.* (*d*) *Who, me?*

11. Are you positive Chaucer lived in the _____ century?
(*a*) *thirteenth* (*b*) *fourteenth* (*c*) *fifteenth*

12. One of our foremost American artists today is _____, who paints regional life in rich reds, greens, and golds, and is employed by the University of Wisconsin:
(*a*) *Charles Burchfield* (*b*) *Thomas Benton*
(*c*) *John Steuart Curry* (*d*) *John Sloan*

13. If in a line drawing you saw a seal with a philosophical expression on his face and a dog asleep on the floor, you'd know it was by:
(*a*) *Garrett Price* (*b*) *Michelangelo*
(*c*) *Denys Wortman* (*d*) *James Thurber*

14. "Mr. Dali and his surrealism give me a pain," declares Uncle Arthur with some heat. "Why, there was an Italian doing the same thing four centuries ago named:
(*a*) *Piero de Cosimo* (*b*) *Titian* (*c*) *Paolo Veronese*

15. And, speaking of art, was Peter Breughel, the Elder:
(*a*) *Flemish* (*b*) *Dutch* (*c*) *German* (*d*) *Swedish*

16. Your precocious five-year-old son, Agamemnon, has been studying mythology. "I say, old boy," he inquires, "what's a centaur look like?" "Easy," you reply, "he is":
(*a*) *"half lion, half eagle"* (*b*) *"half man, half horse"*
(*c*) *"a pint-sized phoenix"*

17. Aunt Clytemnestra, athirst for culture, has taken up home decorating. She was surprised to learn that panoramic wallpaper was invented by:
(*a*) *the English* (*b*) *the French* (*c*) *the Italians*

18. Canals have birthdays? Why, certainly. This year one of the world's greatest celebrated its twenty-fifth:
(*a*) *the Suez* (*b*) *the Kiel* (*c*) *the Welland* (*d*) *the Panama*

19. One of the duller passengers paled with fright when the captain shouted, "We'll jettison all cargo!" but the ship's crew knew he meant to:
(*a*) *throw water in the hold* (*b*) *take to the boats*
(*c*) *toss the cargo overboard* (*d*) *drink the ship's rum*

20. If you wanted to find out the address, phone number, and the clubs of a person in New York or Chicago "society," the best place to look would be:
(*a*) *telephone Red Book* (*b*) *First Families*
(*c*) *Who's Who in America* (*d*) *the Social Register*

21. Don't breathe a word to anybody, but there's a misspelled word lurking here:

The mere touch of thy epidermis, sweet Katherine, puts me into an emotional jam session — a disonance of love in

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which the wood winds and brass make the music of the soul. In short, you mow me down!

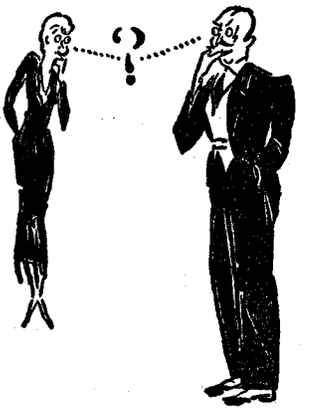
22. Who wrote the American epic, *John Brown's Body?*
(*a*) *William Rose Benét* (*b*) *Carl Sandburg*
(*c*) *Vachel Lindsay* (*d*) *Stephen Vincent Benét*

23. Yes, he was a great Victorian novelist, widely criticized and widely praised, but in his later years he turned to his first love, poetry:
(*a*) *George Eliot* (*b*) *George Moore*
(*c*) *W. M. Thackeray* (*d*) *Thomas Hardy*

24. Which of these men might logically have written:

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may);
I sha'n't be gone long — you come too.

(*a*) *Robert Frost* (*b*) *Aldous Huxley*
(*c*) *Archibald MacLeish*



25. And, in mythology, which one of these muscle-bound gentlemen holds the world on his shoulders?
(*a*) *Jove* (*b*) *Hercules* (*c*) *Atlas*
(*d*) *Bernarr Macfadden*

26. Think twice before selecting the largest ocean:
(*a*) *Pacific* (*b*) *Atlantic* (*c*) *Indian* (*d*) *Arctic*

27. And now for a bit of chaff on etiquette. Which statement is correct?
(*a*) *Dunking is proper when away from home.*
(*b*) *Fishbones should be chewed up and swallowed.*
(*c*) *Pinching the hostess is always good fun.*
(*d*) *Leapfrog should be discouraged at faculty teas.*

28. "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute" is a well-known dictum by the eminent:
(*a*) *Charles C. Pinckney* (*b*) *Stephen Decatur*
(*c*) *Commodore Perry* (*d*) *Rutherford B. Hayes*

29. Who won the National League baseball championship?
(*a*) *Pittsburgh Pirates* (*b*) *Brooklyn Dodgers*
(*c*) *Chicago Cubs* (*d*) *Cincinnati Reds*

30. And, speaking of sport, what newspaper publisher, who controls the wire services to most race tracks, has been indicted for income-tax evasion?
(*a*) *W. R. Hearst* (*b*) *M. L. Annenberg*
(*c*) *Harry Chandler*

31. In constitutional law, our Bill of Rights provides:
(*a*) *the right to meet, speak, and worship freely*
(*b*) *organization, structure of the federal government*
(*c*) *the rights of Americans abroad*

32. Even the office boy nowadays speaks casually of mother fixations and wish fulfillment, and it's all because of the work done by the great psychologist:
(*a*) *Carl Jung* (*b*) *Alfred Alder* (*c*) *Sigmund Freud*

33. What American merchant built London's biggest store?
(*a*) *Gordon Selfridge* (*b*) *Edward A. Filene*
(*c*) *Adam Gimbel* (*d*) *John Wanamaker*

34. The opera's plot goes like this: An old gypsy woman steals one of a Spanish count's two sons, and is executed for the crime. The gypsy's daughter brings the boy up ignorant of his birth. He and his noble brother go gaga over the same girl, and one, unknowingly, has the other executed. Thus the old gypsy has a posthumous revenge, and the curtain goes down with a sigh of relief from everybody:
(*a*) *Il Trovatore* (*b*) *Don Giovanni*
(*c*) *La Traviata*

35. "On my way home from the cocktail party," says Cousin Arthur, "I saw a rainbow, even though it was night." You'd properly reply:
(*a*) "*Very interesting, Arthur, and quite possible.*"
(*b*) "*You're the only man in history who has.*"

36. "It's all Greek to me" was first said by:
(*a*) *Keats, on first looking into Chapman's Homer*
(*b*) *Shakespeare, in Julius Caesar*
(*c*) *Augustus, on returning from the wars*

37. And what poet might have written this letter?

I wish you could infuse a little confidence of human nature into my heart. I cannot muster any — the world is too brutal for me — I am glad there is such a thing as the grave — I am sure I shall never have any rest until I get there. At any rate I will indulge myself by never seeing any more Dilke or Brown or any of their Friends. I wish I was either in your arms full of faith or that a Thunder Bolt would strike me.

(*a*) *William Blake* (*b*) *Samuel T. Coleridge*
(*c*) *John Keats*

38. "I wonder if we will ever have polyandry in this country," ponders precocious five-year-old Agamemnon. "Possibly," you reply, "it already exists in":
(*a*) *Tibet* (*b*) *Hindustan* (*c*) *Borneo* (*d*) *Iraq*

39. This one's easy — for women. Just define the difference between a wimple and a snood:
(*a*) *One's usually a net, t'other an appendage.*
(*b*) *A wimple is worn formally, the snood, informally.*
(*c*) *The wimple has oomph, the snood has chic.*

40. "I love siblings," says your wife, who went to Bryn Mawr and loves strange words. If she had gone to Northwestern, she'd have said:
(*a*) "*Children of the same parents are so adorable.*"
(*b*) "*It's not mere child's prattle to me.*"
(*c*) "*Such kisses, darling — so ethereal, yet full of dynamite!*"

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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America and the War

Three Points of View

I—Keeping Our Friends from Defeat

***by* YATES STIRLING**

Rear Admiral, U.S.N., Retired

WOULD THAT the United States could remain neutral in this war without seriously jeopardizing her future security. My serious thought on that important subject has made me most doubtful of the possibility.

As I see it, the effects of the neutrality laws passed by the Congress for the splendid purpose of keeping this country out of all wars will be, in the particular case of the present war in Europe, harmful to the vital interests of the nation and very probably fatal to the future security of the Americas.

My opinions are solely my own and do not reflect those of the service in which I have served for forty-eight years.

I believe that the operation of these neutrality laws will disregard many most vital factors involved in that issue for us. The laws do not take into account the well-recognized sympathy of our people toward Great Britain and France in this great struggle nor their almost openly expressed hope that those nations will succeed in remaining in possession of the seas. We must not close our eyes to the fact that these so-called neutrality laws greatly weaken the war power of the two nations, Great Britain and France, who all along have kept the Americas safe from the would-be aggressive actions of the dictators.

We are perfectly aware that Great Britain and France urgently need our war munitions and, while commanding the seas, could obtain them from us under the rules of international law if it were not for our specific laws forbidding their sale. Hitler's Germany, on the other hand, being able to obtain all needed supplies from Soviet Russia, will not require them from the United States, even if she could obtain them, which she could not. Therefore, the operation of the neutrality laws, in virtually denying our war supplies only to those belligerents who are in a position to transport them overseas, enormously increases the chances of a Hitler victory.

In consequence, the effect of our neutrality laws actually makes our attitude an unneutral one toward Great Britain and France and might be said to make us unwittingly an ally of Hitler.

Our war fleet today is concentrated in the Pacific Ocean, while the Atlantic, where are our largest cities and the greater part of our industrial activities, is left open to attack by sea. Has that fact any significance? Yes, because the United States has been putting its trust in the sea power of Great Britain to give us the security in the Atlantic Ocean that our *one*-ocean navy finds itself unable to give. Yet, in spite of that advantage, we pass and put into effect neutrality laws that may, by weakening British and French war power, bring a defeat to this power on the seas, thus depriving the United States of her former security in the Atlantic.

Let me remind the reader that a Hitler victory on the seas will bring Germany's sea frontiers to our Atlantic coast line. Does any American doubt that Hitler, if he could, would seize the Panama Canal and our West Indies islands and, besides, enforce political

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and economic control by Germany over the continents of America? Would it be reasonable to expect that our fleet at its present strength, single-handed, could succeed in defeating a German sea power that had vanquished Great Britain on the seas?

There is not the slightest doubt that America dreads an overturn of the situation on the seas, for she seems to be convinced that, if this should happen, a victorious Hitler will not overlook the wealth in the American continents. Such an overturn of sea power is possible because of German submarine and air power, aided by our neutrality laws.

II

THE LAST WAR was for the avowed purpose of world domination by Germany. To accomplish that, British sea power first was to be destroyed. In the present war, Hitler's object is the same as was the Kaiser's. If the United States was correct in entering the last war, at a time when British defeat on the seas seemed imminent through the inhuman operation of the submarine, then those identical reasons — our security and even our life as a free nation — again may force us into the war. Our neutrality, in my opinion, will be assured only when we positively know that Great Britain can keep command of the seas without our active support.

Illogically enough, framing neutrality laws for the purpose of keeping the nation out of war may make the need for the United States to go into the war to safeguard her future security even more likely. Our neutrality laws are a gift to Germany of considerable war value on land and sea and in the air, and their operation actually may contribute materially to bring about the very thing they were intended to avoid.

I maintain that this war is but a continuation, in every particular, of the last one, which was not satisfactorily finished. There is the same enemy, and the war is for the selfsame purpose. If, then, we enforce our neutrality laws, thus weakening Great Britain and France in their effort to win, and if, when we know that Hitler's Germany will surely vanquish Great Britain on the seas, we yet decide to maintain our neutrality, regardless of the fatal consequences to us, how shall we give answer to these words?

> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders' fields.

When Great Britain has lost the sea to Germany, then for the defense of America we shall require a navy and air force large enough to defend our Country in both oceans at once. We are a long way from having such a navy today.

As in the World War, Germany hopes to wage a war of attrition on the seas with her submarines. That war will be unrestricted. We should realize now that all rules of international law on the seas will be violated by German submarines and air forces to accomplish that end.

Germany, led by Hitler, forced this war on Great Britain and France. We know of the technical efficiency of the armed forces of Germany and refuse to believe that Hitler would take his nation deliberately into a war that he believed he could not win. In my recent book, *Sea Duty*, I wrote that Hitler would force the war to save his prestige with the German people, when he discovered that Great Britain and France would refuse to make further concessions to his mad demands. We must take it for granted that Germany is prepared by land and trusts that her submarines and their ruthless tactics will defeat Great Britain on the seas, especially as we have told Hitler through our neutrality laws that we intend to remain neutral.

The United States today must feel that her security is in the gravest jeopardy and will be even more dangerously threatened through the operation of the neutrality laws. Repeal of these laws might so strengthen the war power of Great Britain and France that the grave decision for our active help to defeat Germany would not have to be made.

Let us recall that in the last war, while supplying war munitions to the Allies, we did not make our decision to enter the war until the defeat of the Allies was almost accomplished. Owing to our delay, many more lives were sacrificed by all the nations engaged. These are grave questions to ponder. The war is on. How will it end? Shall we be forced to take part, not to save democracy but to save the Americas from spoliation? Shall we fight with the aid of allies against Hitler or fight a war alone after a Hitler victory?

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II—Selling Arms: a Step toward War

by **WILLIAM E. BORAH**
United States Senator from Idaho

EUROPE IS AGAIN in the midst of war. The President of the United States has issued proclamations to the effect that in this war this nation shall be neutral. But we all realize that laws and statutes and proclamations are not and will not be sufficient to maintain successfully a policy of neutrality. Only the united will of the people can accomplish this difficult task.

If we can succeed as a people, especially in the midst of conditions such as now exist, in establishing here upon this Western continent a great neutral power, a power standing not for force, not for cruelty and injustice but for peace, for fair dealing among nations, for reason and justice, we will not only have added honor to our own nation, happiness to our own people but we will have rendered to all nations and to all peoples a service far greater than it will ever be possible for us to render by joining any nation or nations in carrying on war.

Force is gradually undermining and destroying freedom everywhere. If we are not going to surrender wholly to a world governed by force, then we must establish somewhere a great power which speaks for and represents in act and deed the things which make for reason and justice. It is an effort worthy of a great and free people.

We are met on the threshold of all debate, of all consideration of this subject of neutrality, with the statement often delivered — and with an air of finality — that we cannot be neutral, that Europe is so near to the United States owing to modern inventions and the mingling of business affairs, that neutrality is impracticable, if not impossible.

This seems to me a spineless doctrine. It is not the doctrine inherited from our forebears. If it were true, we should be the most ill-fated nation on earth instead of being, as we had long supposed, the most favorably circumstanced of all nations.

How near was Europe, how smotheringly close was the European system, when Washington announced his policy of neutrality and published it to an astonished and enraged Europe? He thought neutrality both wise and practicable; in fact, he believed that such a policy was indispensable to a free America. Yes, how close was Europe to the United States at that time?

The United States was really looked on then by European powers as a part of the European system. In fact, this continent might be said to have been at that time geographically a European-controlled continent. Our entire northern frontier was heavily garrisoned by European regulars. The Indians were being used by European powers to harass our people. All Europe mocked at the idea that this young republic would long remain an independent government. We were in actual contact — physical, political, and spiritual — every day of our lives, with Europe, and were affected likewise daily by the domination of the European system. But Washington declared we should in future be neutral with respect to European conflicts. And, had he not so declared, does anyone doubt the devastating effect on freedom, on liberty, on this republic?

But we have no alternative, it is in effect declared, after these 150 years of self-government; we must go, in some way or other, into all these controversies, brawls, and wars of Europe. It is useless, we are told, to try to avoid this fate.

Though these wars are not our wars, though they are wars brought on through the manipulation and unconscionable schemes of remorseless rulers whose national policies are not our policies, though their crimes are not our crimes, still, we have no alternative (so it is urged) but to sacrifice the wealth, the homes, the savings, and the lives of our people whenever conflicts arise.

Although our people have sought peace and now seek peace, still we must make war be-

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cause European governments maintain an eternal saturnalia of human sacrifices. Though the law of our land banishes racial and religious persecution from our common country, still, because Europe is "near," we must join in racial and religious conflicts and sacrifice our people over conditions which our forebears long since rejected.

Though we seek no people's territory, nevertheless, because Europe is "near," we must sacrifice the savings of our people and the sons of our mothers in this endless imperialistic strife. Though we would take no part of the loot which was divided up at the close of the World War, we are now called on to ensure the title to a vast amount of that loot. What a fateful doctrine to propose!

II

THE PROBLEM of maintaining neutrality under present conditions lies closer home. It is presented by the proposal to repeal the arms-embargo act.

To those who are advocating repeal of this act, I submit these questions: Is it not your main purpose in securing repeal to enable us to furnish arms, munitions, and implements of war to one group of nations and to deny them to another group of nations — which groups are now in mortal combat? And is not this laying the foundation for intervention — in fact, is it not intervention — in the present European war? Is it not your purpose to take sides through the authority which will be available when the embargo law is repealed?

I further submit: Do you think the time has come when, for reasons of humanity or of national defense, we should take our place in another European war?

I feel we are really considering in this debate the broad question of whether we are justified as a people in intervening in this conflict and meeting the issues as they are being presented on the battlefields of Europe, for we cannot escape that destination if we move along the lines now proposed.

At the time this law was passed and this policy of neutrality was established, there was no war of any moment anywhere. Germany and Britain were on comparatively friendly terms. Both as a matter of morals and as a matter of international law, as a sovereign right, we had the undoubted right to establish this policy of declining the sale of arms, munitions, and implements of war to any nation engaged in war. It is now proposed to repeal entirely this provision of the law. It is proposed to repeal it to enable this government to furnish arms to one side and withhold them from the other. The proposal for repeal is based on the program of taking sides.

Undoubtedly, as I say, we had a right to pass the law and undoubtedly we have a right to repeal the law. But, when we couple the repeal with the announced and declared program of furnishing arms and munitions to one side and withholding them from the other, our program unquestionably constitutes intervention in the conflict.

The talk in Washington is no longer of merely furnishing arms. It is said that we must prepare to fight. One of my colleagues, a most able and sincere Senator, urged publicly a few nights ago: "Let us give up this dream of impartiality, therefore of neutrality. It is better to take sides and fight." He was uttering boldly what is now heard from the same sources whence came originally the agitation for furnishing arms.

If, in a few months, we can tear up this law which the nation almost unanimously approved, how long do you think it will take to put across the proposition of sending our young men into the trenches — once we have intervened?

The President has called a special session of Congress for the purpose of removing the embargo on arms, munitions, and implements of war. There are some of us who want to keep the old law — who insist that the sale of arms to all nations engaged in war shall continue to be prohibited. The only question in controversy, the only point of difference that I know of, is the question whether we shall sell arms or not sell arms. The supporters of repeal are anxious to put an embargo on ships going to war zones, on loans to all nations engaged in war; they are anxious to prohibit our citizens from traveling in war areas — all this and more is to be done in the name of neutrality, in an effort to keep us out of war. But we observe here that there is a sudden break in the matter of the embargo — the most threatening and disturbing of all factors, the one most calculated to get us into trouble. The embargo is not to apply. What is the significance of this?

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III—Strengthening the Neutrality Laws

by **KEY PITTMAN**
United States Senator from Nevada

IT IS VITALLY IMPORTANT that every American understand the attitude of Congress toward foreign wars and the legislation that will be enacted by Congress at this special session. Numerous petitions and communications that have deluged members of the Senate clearly demonstrate that these petitions either are based on ignorance of the intent of Congress or are the result of vicious organized foreign propaganda.

For instance, most of these communications contain demands such as, "No cash and carry," or, "Don't repeal the embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war." Many of our citizens may even have been led to believe that it was the intention of the President to urge and of Congress to enact a repeal of all neutrality legislation, before the submission to the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate the joint resolution proposed as a substitute for the House joint resolution passed by the House at the last session of Congress. There exists now, since the substitute proposal has been introduced and widely published in full in the newspapers and elsewhere, no reasonable excuse for any misunderstanding on this point by any intelligent citizen of the United States. Nor, of course, is there any excuse for the continuance of false propaganda.

The proposed substitute joint resolution, which I had the honor, on behalf of the majority of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, to propose as a substitute for the House legislation, does not repeal our neutrality legislation. On the contrary, by mandatory provisions, it vitally strengthens our neutrality legislation.

The strongest provision in the proposed substitute is the "carry" provision. It is new and it is mandatory. It has never existed in any other law. It is known as Section two (a). It says:

> Whenever the President shall have issued a proclamation under the authority of Section one (a) [meaning when he shall have issued a proclamation that a state of war exists] it shall thereafter be unlawful for any American vessel to carry any passengers or any articles or materials to any state named in such proclamation [meaning by "state" any state that the President shall have proclaimed under Section one (a) as being in a state of war].

Now what did the old cash-and-carry provision provide with regard to "carry"? It was found in Section two (a) — and let us remember that this law expired by its own terms on May 1, 1939, and that there is now no law with regard to this subject. Section two (a) of the old law provided:

> Whenever the President shall have issued a proclamation under the authority of Section one of this Act [meaning the proclamation that a state of war exists] and he shall thereafter find that the placing of restrictions on the shipment of certain articles or materials in addition to arms, ammunition, and implements of war from the United States to belligerent states . . . is necessary to promote the security or preserve the peace of the United States or to protect the lives of citizens of the United States, he shall so proclaim, and it shall thereafter be unlawful . . . for any American vessel to carry such articles or materials to any belligerent state.

It will be observed from a consideration of this language that absolute discretion was vested in the President as to whether he should permit our American ships to carry all kinds of articles and materials to a belligerent country, except arms, ammunition, and implements of war. He could permit our vessels to carry to belligerents scrap iron, steel, every kind of metal, oil, gasoline, cotton, and every other kind of raw material, because such materials are not described in existing law under the definition of arms, ammunition, and implements of war. These last-named articles were all described as contraband of war by the belligerents during the World War — that is, they were described as articles that would aid the enemy in the conduct of war — and therefore, under international law, they could be confiscated or destroyed. The question whether they were going to the enemy or to a neutral

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the belligerent determined for herself, and there was no remedy during the existence of the war.

II

GREAT BRITAIN and Germany have already issued their contraband lists for the present war. These lists are not limited to those few manufactured articles that we have defined as arms, ammunition, and implements of war; but they include the raw materials that the President now has the power to permit our vessels to carry to belligerents. From the actions of the German Government so far in the present war, it is conclusively evident that the German Government intends to pursue the same policy as in the World War with regard to the submarining of neutral merchant vessels engaged in commerce with its enemies.

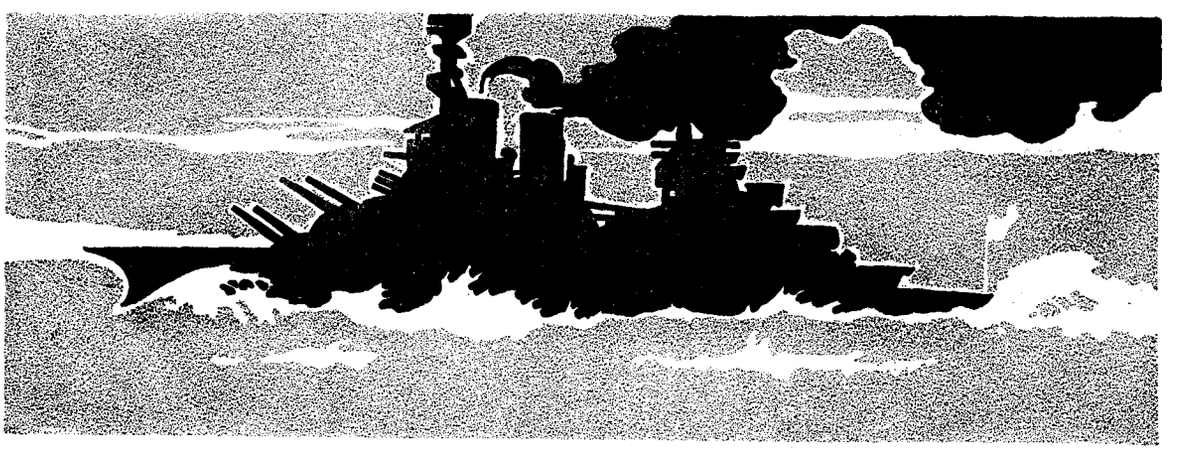
I am satisfied that President Roosevelt would not permit American vessels to be destroyed, with the consequent loss of the lives of our American seamen, if carrying of any goods to belligerents would develop such results. However, Section two (a) of the proposed substitute is intended to be a permanent law and to control every President who may ever be elected to office. What may be the sentiments, the prejudices, the soundness of judgment of future Presidents no one can know. Without regard, however, to these considerations, such vast and dangerous discretion is unnecessary and unwise.

May I call attention also to the fact that we have greatly increased the penalties for the violation of Section two (a) with regard to American ships, with regard to transportation in and through combat areas, and with regard to financial transactions. We not only make the owner of the ship liable to the penalty but, in the case of a corporation or association or partnership, we make the officers and directors of such corporation, association, or partnership liable to such penalty.

In other words, we have put teeth in our proposed neutrality law.

The only legitimate issue left is whether we should repeal the section of existing law providing for the embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war as defined in the act.

The Congress of the United States has no intention of permitting our country to become involved in this European war. The Congress of the United States intends to remove every cause that might impel it to declare war. If a belligerent country imposes on us by conducting warfare in our coastal waters, we will repel such impositions. It is not necessary that we go any further. If, by reason of these acts of safety on the part of our government, any government were so foolish — and I do not believe any government would be so foolish — as to declare war against us, it would not injure us but it would eventually destroy the government that made such declaration. Our strategy would not be to send our soldiers to fight abroad. We should conquer through our economic and financial power and through our indomitable navy.



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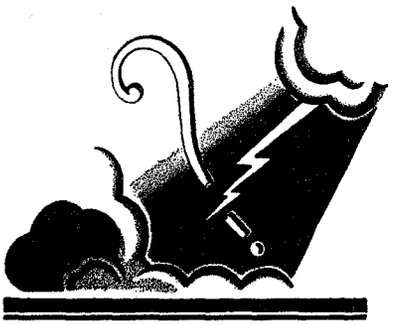
Canada's War Dilemma



by **WILLIAM STOKES**

WHILE AMERICA thanks her stars for the Atlantic Ocean, her northern neighbor has gone to war. But, as a North American country not immediately affected by Europe's nightmare, Canada enters the conflict torn by doubts and dissensions as to the course to pursue.

It was not until a week after Britain's declaration of war that Canada formally followed suit. Australia and New Zealand had proclaimed their belligerency on the first day; in South Africa Premier Hertzog, the proponent of neutrality, had been defeated and replaced by General Smuts, and the country had been drawn into the war within thirty-six hours. But Canada hovered between peace and war.

When Parliament was leisurely convened at Ottawa on September 7, Premier King outlined the extent of Canada's war effort. For the present she would confine herself to the defense of British territory in North America, the shipment of supplies to Britain, and the training of airmen for the British air force. It was broadly hinted that Canada's tardiness was an attempt to evade the American neutrality act. But at most this was a secondary consideration.

The procrastinations of the Canadian Government were determined not by the needs of the motherland but by internal political factors.

It is a secret to no one that the British Empire has long been torn by the divergent interests of its various sections. Empire unity had been more than an abstraction when it rested on the division of labor between the industrialized motherland and the agricultural and raw-material-producing dominions. During the last few decades, the industrialization of the dominions has progressed by leaps and bounds — with Canada far in the lead.

The U.S.A. has long since nosed out Britain as Canada's main source of capital. Alongside British investments of $2,725,000,000, there are some $3,984,400,000 of American money invested in Canada. In 1937, Canada imported goods worth $393,720,662 from the U. S. and sold us $435,014,544 of commodities, as compared with the imports from and exports to Britain of $129,500,000 and $408,000,000, respectively. The Anglo-American-Canadian treaties of a few months ago will tip the scales still more in favor of the U. S. Canadian exports to Britain include semimanufactured products sent from the U.S.A. to Canada for completion and marketed in Britain under preferential tariff rates. In many respects, indeed, Canada is but an economic adjunct of the American machine.

We do not suggest that it is the sordid arithmetic of the countinghouse that exclusively determines the course of Canadian foreign policy. But, in the light of the long-range outcome of the last war to save democracy, the purely emotional appeals have lost much of their potency. Beneath the clash of Nazi autocracy and parliamentary institutions it is difficult to overlook the role of secular power politics in the present war.

The Suez Canal and Singapore are as vital to the existence of Australia and New Zealand as they are to Imperial Britain. The fate of the outlying south-Pacific dominions is inseparably bound up with the domination of the seas by Britain and her allies. Hence the instantaneous and ungrudging response of Australia and New Zealand to the motherland's war needs.

Canada's position is wholly different. Among the greatest of her much publicized natural

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resources is her proximity to the U. S. The Monroe Doctrine protects Canada more effectively than the embattled armies of Europe. Mr. Roosevelt's declaration at Kingston, in August, 1938, was categorical on the point. Since the outbreak of the war, Washington has reiterated its guarantee of Canada's territory. The British Ministry of Information recognizes the defense of Canada, in the ultimate sense, as a responsibility of the neutral U.S.A!

II

While the populations of Australia and New Zealand are almost entirely of British stock, Canada and South Africa contain large national groupings that have come under British rule by conquest. It is true that British tact has won the allegiance of the Dutch majority in South Africa and the French minority in Canada. But their loyalty is essentially of a passive sort that does not inspire sacrifice.

The French in Canada make up almost a third of the country's population; those of British stock account for 51 per cent. No Canadian statesman can afford to ignore Quebec. When Britain appealed to Canada for military aid during the Chanak crisis of 1922, ex-Premier Meighen signed his political death warrant with his famous "Ready, aye ready!" speech. In 1917, Quebec stood on the brink of civil war in her resistance to conscription.

The views of the province on the subject of European wars have not mellowed with the years. Under the effects of economic crisis, French-Canadian nationalism has progressed with gigantic strides. There is a deep-seated discontent over the inferior economic position of the French in the Dominion, and no excessive enthusiasm for confederation even when it does not drag them into distant wars. Mackenzie King's reference to the need of preserving national unity, in his broadcast on September 3, had an unmistakable meaning.

But guarded though it was, that speech aroused widespread protest throughout French Canada. Paul Gouin, head of L'Action Liberale Nationale and son of a former premier of the Province, addressed a spirited mass meeting in Montreal at which Canadian participation was denounced in any shape or form. René Chaloult, deputy in the Quebec Legislature from Kamouraska, minced no words: "Rather than get themselves killed in Europe, French-Canadians would prefer doing their own fighting on the streets of Montreal." The struggle is being taken up again where it was left off in 1917. Similar rallies were held elsewhere in the Province. Though the reactionary *Montreal Gazette* thundered editorially against Gouin with ill concealed menaces of repression, the Ottawa government has a clear understanding of what Quebec will not tolerate.

Among those on the platform at the Gouin meeting was Philippe Girard, president of the Catholic trade unions. The powerful St. Jean Baptiste Society, the social auxiliary of the Church, has recorded its opposition to Canadian belligerency. In the Federal House, M. Maxime Raymond led a bloc of twenty members in protest against the declaration of war.

Disregarding all precedents, Premier Duplessis of Quebec has decided to go before the electorate in October, a month after the outbreak of war. The elections are being precipitated long before the Government's term of office expires, in protest against the War Measures Act subjecting the finances of the provinces and municipalities to federal control. "Our loyalty is first and foremost to the Province of Quebec," is the challenge hurled at Ottawa by M. Duplessis. "M. Duplessis is at war with Canada," comes the rejoinder of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. As the first step in this warfare, the federal government announces that all speeches during the election campaign must be passed by the military censorship. But M. Duplessis has declared that he will not submit a single speech of his to the censors.

The struggle will be a three-cornered one. Whereas the Action Liberale Nationale of Paul Gouin comes out flat-footedly in opposition to Canada's entry into the war, the Union Nationale of M. Duplessis is shifting the emphasis to the cherished issue of provincial autonomy. Under the leadership of M. Godbout, the remnants of the Quebec Liberal Party (from which Gouin led a split-off into a temporary alliance with Duplessis in 1936) endorses the stand of the Ottawa government. It should be noted that the most martial current that will present itself to the Province upholds the compromise position of Mackenzie King. The federal government is departing from established procedure and taking an active part in the campaign. This it may yet have reason to regret.

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Sympathy with Nazi Germany plays no part in determining the attitude of Quebec. The National Unity Party of Adrien Arcand, which drew both inspiration and support from the Braun Haus, is without serious influence in the province; its most resounding victories were scored in the columns of the sensation-mongering press of Britain and the U. S. For years, the Catholic Church has preached a nebulous "corporatism," but the persecution of the Catholics in Germany has profoundly shocked French Canada. The situation would certainly have taken on a more serious aspect if it were Italy that had gone to war against Britain. When Stalin marched his men from Minsk to Pinsk, he may not have reckoned with repercussions on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But nothing was more calculated to ease the position of the Federal Government in Quebec. The spectacle of Catholic Poland being torn by two godless dictators has not failed to stir the province. It is unlikely, however, that it will have decisive effect in altering its opposition to the war.

No people are more deeply rooted in the soil of this continent than the French-Canadians. The fate of anticlerical France they regard with detachment. French Canada is absorbed in her own struggle for existence as an islet in the Anglo-Saxon ocean about it; she has little inclination to go crusading to solve the problems of the planet.

III

WHETHER LIMITED or unlimited, participation in the war imposes heavy burdens on the country. A few weeks after its insistent pleas for an emergency relief grant were turned down at Ottawa, Quebec saw Parliament vote $100,000,000 as an initial war appropriation. To help raise this sum, taxes amounting in some cases to 35 per cent have been imposed on necessities of life. The depreciation of the Canadian dollar, owing partly to Canada's entry into the war, has sent the prices of many commodities upward. French Canada, where wages are materially lower than elsewhere in the country, will feel the squeeze of this most acutely. It will not sweeten her temper.

To date, the last war has cost Canada some $2,500,000,000 in direct expenditures, and she is still paying about $40,000,000 in war pensions annually. Canada staggers under a national debt that is over twice as large per capita as that of the U. S. despite the lower per capita national wealth. The unity of the country is menaced by secessionist sentiment in four or five different regions. Intervention in the present war along the lines of 1914 would conceivably result in national bankruptcy and the end of the Confederation. On the other hand limited belligerency, accompanied by large-scale sales to Britain, would relieve Canada's economic structure of dangerous strains.

Canada's participation in the last war led to a revulsion toward isolationism. From the unselfish sacrifice of the battlefields emerged the sordid haggling at Versailles; disillusionment set in.

The next few years were spent by Canadian statesmen in fashioning an imposing body of precedents and constitutional rulings intended to prevent Canada from becoming automatically involved in future British wars. Facing at times the indignation of New Zealand and Australia, Canada and South Africa pressed for the reorganization of the Empire as a free association of independent nations. The appointment of Canadian ministers to foreign countries, beginning with the U. S.; the Halibut Treaty with the U. S. (1923), when Premier King refused to have the British Ambassador act as cosignator for Canada; the Balfour Declaration, arising from the Imperial Conference of 1926; and the Statute of Westminster, of 1931, were the landmarks.

Under Premier Hertzog, South Africa went even further. By the Seals and Executive Act and the Status of the Union Act, passed in 1934, she established her right to secession from the Empire and to neutrality in the event of a British war.

Mackenzie King was one of the principal artisans of this new dominion status. In the course of his many and hard fought battles Mr. King has developed a technique that is quite his own. He eschews frontal combat with opponents whose strength lies in their appeal to the atavistic instincts of the English-speaking population. His natural talent for hedging has been cultivated to a wondrous degree; today he is possessed of a capacity for cryptic utterance perhaps unequaled in any other contemporary statesman.

During the pre-Munich crisis of last year, Mr. King was mum. It is worth noting that the

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Conservative opposition leader, Dr. Manion, equally mindful of the sensitivities of Quebec, was not a whit more loquacious.

Tirades from the proimperialist press of English Canada finally drew a statement of its position from the government last March. It began with the old slogan of Laurier, "When Britain is at war, Canada is at war," but continued with the serious qualification that it was unlikely that an expeditionary force would ever again leave Canada's shores. The responsibility for even this degree of daring was shifted from the government's shoulders by reference to a constitutional tangle: It was impossible for George VI to be at war as King of the United Kingdom and at peace as King of Canada.

At the close of his long career, Mackenzie King can look back at Canada's status as a fully autonomous nation as the one solid achievement of his otherwise colorless administrations. It is only reluctantly that he will fling this to the breezes.

IV

IT IS NEVERTHELESS increasingly probable that Canada will be swept into the war on an unlimited basis. This is most likely if Britain should be truly hard pressed or if the U. S. should show signs of abandoning her neutrality. Wartime hysteria is beating its tattoo. Persistent blasts from the Anglo-Canadian newspapers (including the *Winnipeg Free Press*, a prominent government supporter) are gradually dislodging King from his noncommittal position. The cabinet has finally decided on the recruitment of 32,000 men, in two divisions, for overseas service. One of these divisions will serve as a reserve. Only a union government in which Liberals and Conservatives would share responsibilities would dare introduce conscription and brave the discontent of Quebec. But Mr. King is adamant in his opposition to the formation of a coalition government.

Mr. W. D. Herridge, head of the New Democracy movement, which has absorbed the Social Credit Party, advocates immediate conscription for overseas service. Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader in the Senate, has kicked over party traces once again by calling for a repetition of the war effort of 1914. Within the socialist Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, Mr. Coldwell champions the active belligerency of Canada, in the name of collective security, against the pacifist Mr. Wadsworth.

Should Russia and Japan enter the conflict on the side of Germany, the whole character of the war would change for Canada. From an idealistic crusade to a distant continent, it would become a grim matter of self-defense.

The U.S.A. has long prepared bases in Alaska for a possible conflict against Japan; her lines of communications with these run across Canada. A highway through British Columbia to Alaska has been projected. The large Pacific submarine fleet of the Soviets would menace Canadian shipping on the Pacific. If the Japs and the Russians succeeded in establishing air bases in the northern wildernesses of Alaska or British Columbia, the cities of the west coast would be at their mercy.

Such an eventuality would certainly find all races and sections of Canada united as a man in the prosecution of the war. But these developments clearly belong to the realm of vague conjecture.

Should the safeguards established in the 'twenties prove ineffective and Canada be drawn into the European war on an unlimited scale, the whole question of Empire relationships will perhaps appear in an entirely new light. In the years of anticlimax following the war, the feeling may become widespread that nothing short of formal separation from the British Empire can insulate Canada from Europe's turmoil.

But, even if Canada should confine herself to a more or less nominal belligerency, the fate of the Empire might be sealed. To stand on the sidelines while the motherland is engaged in a life-and-death struggle would squeeze the last emotional values out of the Empire connection. Many will remember the resentment rife in Britain during the 'twenties against the profitable neutrality of the U.S.A. during the first half of the war. But that is only an indication of the snarling recriminations that would trouble the existence of the Empire after the war. There would be no undue good will between an Eire who was neutral, a Canada who manufactured munitions for a price, and a Britain and Australia who paid that price in money and men. Even a victorious John Bull will find the horizons of his Empire overcast.

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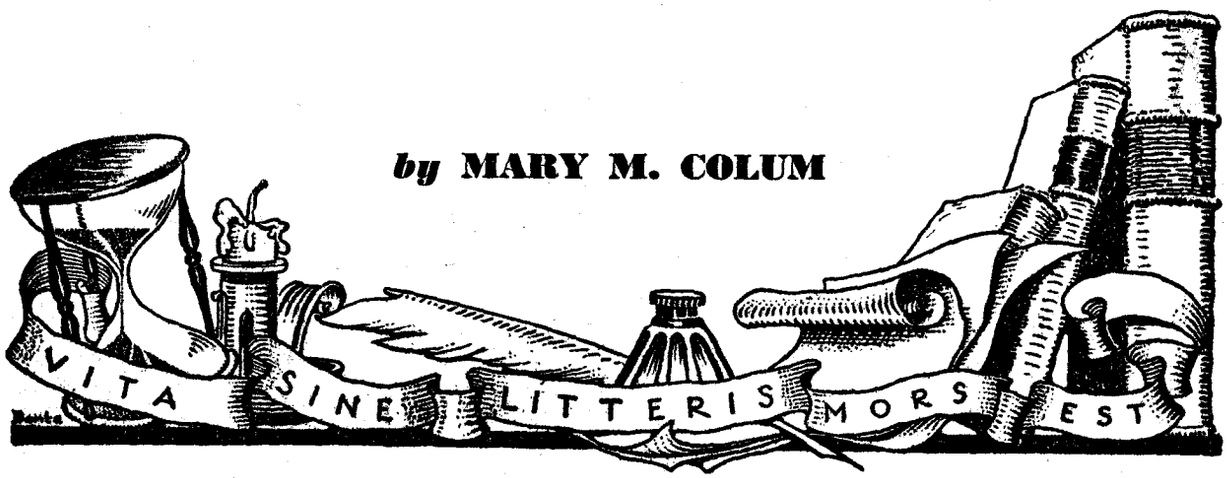
Life and Literature

*The Artist and His Material**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

TWENTY YEARS AGO the contemporary English novel was superior to the American; the English had, in fact, quite a wonderful array of novelists: Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Somerset Maugham; and among the younger writers was D. H. Lawrence. America then had Winston Churchill, William Allen White, Robert Herrick, Upton Sinclair, James Branch Cabell, and, of course, Theodore Dreiser; Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis were beginning. Lewis had just written *Main Street*. But, taking them all in all, the showing did not compare with the English.

Now, in spite of all sorts of defects, all sorts of woollinesses and rawnesses, the American novel is superior to either the English or the French; it is indeed superior, I think, to any European novel, though still a long way from reaching the stature of the European novel at its best. The American novel now is out on original lines; the material at hand is immense, so that any young man or woman beginning to write can annex a little territory as yet largely unworked by others.

But the technique is often random and undisciplined, even in the hands of our most gifted novelists. And skilled technique has a great deal to do with whether a novel is consistently entertaining or is otherwise. An English novelist with half the equipment of an American novelist and the most outworn sort of material can often write a more entertaining book because of a better technical acquirement. He knows better what to omit, what to feature, and where to get a swifter movement. A number of American writers, particularly of what is called the proletarian school, use the most shopworn sort of European technique — the technique of the early German proletarian novelists, which was a heavy-handed adaptation of Zola. Again, a number of American novelists, themselves the children of people for whom English was a foreign language, have not succeeded in getting their own distinctive rhythm in English.

One of the advantages that an American writer starts with is that he is not obsessed with a particular pattern, as the English and French so often are. For instance, the sort of novel that H. G. Wells put in fashion a quarter of a century ago has still a permeating influence. Its influence on writers as remote from each other as D. H. Lawrence, Frank Swinnerton, Richard Aldington is considerable; even his manner of writing is evident in their work. In France, likewise, the influence of Romain Rolland and his *Jean Christophe* novels has its grip on writers as temperamentally apart as the Nobel Prize winner, Roger Martin du Gard, Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, Jacques de

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* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Face of a Nation, *by Thomas Wolfe (Scribner, $2.75);* Rejected Guest, *by Richard Aldington (Viking, $2.50);* Thoreau, *by Henry Seidel Canby (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75);* Forces in American Criticism, *by Bernard Smith (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75);* Master Builders, *by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3.75);* Behold, This Dream, *by Walter de la Mare (Knopf, $4.50).*

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Lacretelle. No American writer of any significance is tethered to a pattern as these writers are; the largeness of the territory, the mixture of populations, the varied cultural inheritance prohibit this.

But the American has his own disadvantage: it is more difficult here than it was in Europe to get a real literary training — not only the training that derives from education, from knowing the acknowledged masterpieces of the trade, but that peculiar and vital knowledge of the making of literature that comes from knowing and conversing with the artists in a craft. There are too few friendly elders to guide the first groping of the younger aspirants in America, the friendly elders who were always to be met with in Paris, London, or Dublin. In New York, writers notoriously do not congregate to discuss art and technique but only to drink cocktails and discuss current political ideologies. Here the absence of the approachable adept is indeed a grievous handicap to young writers.

The Limits of Thomas Wolfe

If the late Thomas Wolfe had early in his career known some of his peers in writing, he could not have written some of the passages that his publishers have brought out in *The Face of a Nation*. Now Thomas Wolfe was one of the most highly gifted of all American writers, and his *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River* are magnificent books. But they would have been more magnificent if he could have learned early the difference between uncontrolled rhetorical outbursts and authentic lyrical and rhapsodic utterances. Thomas Wolfe was a rhapsodist — he had a great poetic imagination; but his formlessness, his naïve extravagance should have been checked and tutored. Extravagance, of course, was part of his genius, but he who had such a sense of literature could have been brought to a point where voluntarily he would have censored and deleted such passages as this:

> We are the sons of our father, whose face we have never seen, we are the sons of our father, whose voice we have never heard, we are the sons of our father, to whom we have cried for strength and comfort in our agony, we are the sons of our father, whose life like ours was lived in solitude and in the wilderness, we are the sons of our father, to whom only can we speak out the strange, dark burden of our heart and spirit, we are the sons of our father, and we shall follow the print of his foot for ever.

In addition to being wild and woolly, this is platitudinous. It was unfortunate that so much of the adverse criticism Wolfe encountered came from book reviewers who were too sterile, too unimaginative, to know that his extravagance in itself was a sort of genius and a genuine expression of the pioneering spirit that was in him. Extravagant he should have been, but the extracts given in this selection, *The Face of a Nation*, show too often not the magnificent side of his extravagance, which often hurried him to something that was a discovery, but an extravagance that could be automatic and went beyond his matter.

But his work at its best is an expression of pioneering America in somewhat the same sense as *Leaves of Grass* was an expression; one really understands America in a new way when one has read such books as *Look Homeward, Angel; Of Time and the River; The We band the Rock*. There was something torrential about him, but it was of a torrent that ran deep. He wrote at enormous length because he responded so abundantly to everything in the life he encountered that several lifetimes would not have been enough for him to have gleaned his teeming brain.

His personal resemblance to portraits of Balzac has often been commented on. One can say there was indeed something Balzacian about him without suggesting any close comparison with that colossal genius: like Balzac's, his work was a sort of giganticization of life; his characters, while existing in a realistic milieu have, like Balzac's, a fabulous quality, a poetry, a fantasy, an eagerness to devour life that the author had himself. But, unlike Balzac, Thomas Wolfe was too rarely able to objectify his characters; he brought some unmistakable projection of himself into every book, though several times he showed himself capable of creating characters out of material he gathered from life. It is true that he was self-centered, but this self-centeredness was not of the kind that left him impotent to create characters other than himself; he created characters of tremendous vitality in *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*. The life he lived, the life of so many American authors, was more meager in its contacts than the life most European authors live.

One must warn those who have not read Thomas Wolfe's novels against regarding the

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contents of *The Face of a Nation* as being fair specimens of his work, for his genius was not the sort that could be displayed in short passages; his quality can be perceived only by reading a full-length novel.

Limits of a Skillful Talent

It is enlightening to turn from Thomas Wolfe to Richard Aldington, whose new novel, *Rejected Guest*, is before me. The type of novel Richard Aldington writes is developed from H. G. Wells; his kind of vitality is the Wellsian kind — journalistic, swift, and telling. But he has in addition the after-war sophistication and skepticism which go with a sort of literary accomplishment not usual in this country. He has written in several forms — poetry, criticism, fiction — and I maintain it is only by practicing in more than one form that a writer can eventually excel in any one; each is a help toward attaining excellence in the other.

Richard Aldington began as a member of a prewar (1914) group in London devoted to poetry, and there is no preparation for writing equal to what one can get by being member of a group working toward some literary ideal and discussing its problems. His name first became known in this country to those who read the imagist anthologies, and his poetry, influenced by the Greek lyricists, was interesting but not as distinguished as H. D.'s (which it resembled). He wrote criticism which had an interesting personal flavor, as had his translations from many languages. These various activities gave him a good all-round literary training.

We have several novelists with greater talents than Richard Aldington, but I doubt if we have any who has learned to use his talents to such good account, who has mastered the implements so well for digging his own trench and tilling his own garden. But if Richard Aldington had started out in America, I doubt that he would have learned to make such fruitful use of his abilities. A more platitudinous talent would have got him into the widely circulated magazines; a greater talent would have gained him more appreciation here than it would have in England — in this country an appreciation for the first-class is usually forthcoming.

His *Rejected Guest* is a very intelligently written novel, and the first hundred pages make very good reading indeed — swift in movement, good in characterization, sure in rendering the scene. But afterward the author yields to that temptation that seems to be always before the contemporary English novelist — the Riviera, smart living, and a loose lady of the nobility. Then we have all over again that unscrupulous female scion of the peerage or the aristocracy who is so recurrent in the books that these novelists put out. D. H. Lawrence, as I have remarked elsewhere, could never get on with his story until he had assured us that his heroine was a lady and, if possible, a titled one. So to the line of the Lady Chatterleys, the Lucy Tantamounts, and the other highborn ladies of the English novelists, Richard Aldington adds the Honorable Diana, who lures the poor, humbly reared hero into her dishonorable toils and then takes flight from him when his wealthy grandfather dies without giving him an inheritance. The cast in this part of the book includes, naturally, a smart, disillusioned elder (Martindale), who has the brilliant talk and the lack of inhibitions that the hanger-on of English society has in novels.

Richard Aldington knows how to avoid being boring — he is a very intelligent writer; but at the point where intelligence becomes a sort of clairvoyance, as it does in Thomas Wolfe, Mr. Aldington's talent is not of the kind to make the transit.

Dr. Canby's Notable Biography

The value of a group of writers, where each gets an increment from association with the others, is brought over to us in Dr. Henry Seidel Canby's account of the Concord group in his *Thoreau*. He is not down on his knees before them; he treats them as if they were friends with whom he has spent pleasant and profitable days, and the group emerges with a mellowness and a naturalness lacking in other accounts.

As a group, the association of these people must have given all of them separately a clearer view of what they wanted to do; they helped to train each other's minds. They did not imitate one another even when they were kindled by each other's work, as Thoreau was by Emerson's. Though they were transcendentalists, they were transcendental each in his own way and in his own idiom. They were all impressed

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by Hindu philosophy, but Dr. Canby shows how Thoreau used it in a particular way: he combined Hinduism with his own brand of Yankee activism. "The wise man seeketh for what is homogeneous with his own nature," as the Bhagavad-Gita instructed Thoreau, and this is about all that Thoreau took from his study of it.

Dr. Canby notes:

> His close study of the Greeks . . . taught him, I think, how to write a sentence that was not a rhetorical arrangement of words but an arrow from the bow of his imagination.

But I think Dr. Canby is wrong when he discounts the hereditary French influence of Thoreau's work. His style is so French that his sentences can be turned into French not only with ease but with point; nothing is lost. And, after all, it was the French who had just put the American wilderness into literature — Chateaubriand and Audubon. Then the particular sort of naturalist that Thoreau was is a very French type; there is indeed in France a sort of contemporary Thoreau named Jacques Delavain. In parenthesis, let me say that one of the best ways to learn to write a clear-cut English style is to read a lot of French.

In a revealing piece of criticism Dr. Canby says:

> No one can beat him at the descriptive anecdote, few in the descriptions of persons, beasts or birds, that act like persons. . . . His art is the art of Aesop at its lowest, of Homer at its highest.

Now, if Dr. Canby had written, instead of Aesop, La Fontaine, he would have been on surer ground. But this is perhaps a small point.

Thoreau is full of the subtlest criticism and interpretation of the subject:

> His chapters on value, his declaration of private independence, are not so much a philosophy as a creation in words of the man himself. He understood very well that intuition, thought and imagination are not enough. Therefore he learned how to make sentences ring in the memory.

The best Thoreauans I have known were not Americans but Europeans who knew nothing about his transcendentalism or his relation to the group in Concord of which Dr. Canby makes such an enlightening and engaging narrative. The whole life in the hut at the pond seemed to W. B. Yeats and some French people I have known an adventure into a world that had traces of Fenimore Cooper's Indians, with that feeling of a virgin territory that Audubon's birds had given to another generation of Europeans. What fascinated them in Thoreau's writing was that it expressed a man, whereas the back-to-nature and open-road writers who followed him expressed only an attitude.

I make bold to say that Dr. Canby's is one of the most accomplished and fascinating of American biographies. It has also the humanity and sensitiveness to literary values that a book on Thoreau ought to have. The Concord group had been made stodgy and boring and somewhat mythical by those who had written about it; this book makes all its personalities human and spontaneous — the sort of people one would want to know. It would have been easy to have treated Thoreau in a Strachian manner, making him an eccentric, a frustrated man on the lookout for compensations. Dr. Canby has not done this; through his intuition into the man and the writer he has done a portrait which is lifelike, expressive, and animated. And we have to add another quality to these. In the book there is that quality which certain portrait painters are able to give their subject: candor. It is by far Dr. Canby's best book.

Doctrinaire Criticism

In Bernard Smith's *Forces in American Criticism*, the Concord group figures once more — but so unillumined that it hardly seems the same persons as in Canby's *Thoreau*. As I remember them, portions of this book that appeared in periodicals were intelligent and fairly discerning, though a bit on the dry side. Mr. Smith's comment on Brooks's *Flowering of New England* is original and penetrating. But the effect of his book as a whole, in spite of an excellent chapter or two, is puzzling, not to say bewildering. The amount of industry the book represents is considerable, but it does not seem that the author had enough artistry or literary experience to accomplish the task he set for himself — to write "a study in the history of American literary thought."

Now American literary thought or any other literary thought is not confined to what is in works of criticism; every form of literature represents literary thought — poetry and fiction as well as criticism, drama as well as philosophy. One would have to include an in-

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terpretation of all sorts of American expression that are inside the realm of literature — "The misty midregion of Weir," "Come, I will make the continent indissoluble," "When half-gods go, the gods arrive," "There may be room for ruin yet/And ashes for a wasted love." One would have to include, too, the thought in the Emersonian doctrine of compensation, the thought behind Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience*, the Puritanism of Hawthorne, the internationalism of Henry James and Ernest Hemingway, the sort of realism that is in Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, to give only a few items of an immense catalogue. But all that Bernard Smith gives consideration to is

> the attitude towards literature that men have had, the ideas they have had regarding its value, and the way its excellence or lack of it may be determined.

That is to say, he does not really write about thought but about opinion — a wholly different thing.

He has a very limited sense of literature. And the reason why the book has such a puzzling effect is that one can hardly realize it is about literature at all. *Forces in American Criticism* is an example of what a rationalistic mind outfitted with doctrines such as the dialectic of materialism can do to denature art. Why are there not outlets for the talents of intelligent and articulate young men, who might be valuable in politics or social research, other than writing about literature?

It is the fashion in Europe to explain certain American antagonism to Edgar Allan Poe as puritanical disapproval of his drinking and his Bohemianism. Actually, this does not explain even one per cent of the antagonism. The main part of it, I believe, arises from a denseness about lyrical poetry and lyrical expression in general. The Humanists were just as dense as are the Marxists. Henry James, whose condemnation of Poe is quoted by Bernard Smith, was notoriously blank in his attitude toward lyrical poetry. Writes Bernard Smith, ponderously, about Poe:

> Consider his moral and social conservatism, his responsiveness to pathos and fantasy, his championship of the South against other regions, his craze for technical excellence, and his hatred for intellectualism, and then consider the absurdly high rank he gave Hood and Moore, the fondness he displayed for Fouque's *Undine*, the laurels he bestowed on Tennyson.

Bless the man! Why not consider *To Helen*, *Ulalume*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and the foretelling passages in *The Philosophy of Composition?* Moral and social conservatism does not prevent a man from writing good poetry. How would Homer or Pindar, Dante or Shakespeare show up under an examination of this kind? And why shouldn't a poet respond to pathos and fantasy and have a craze for technical excellence? Hood and Moore were bringing a new rhythm into poetry. Tennyson wrote some bad poems, but for all that he is one of the best poets in English. Also, a critic has to be judged by the general level of his ideas and not by his occasional remarks on his contemporaries: *Biographia Literaria* is a masterpiece, but think of the sort of praise Coleridge lavished on certain of his friends in the course of it. And is there anything more mistaken in Poe's championship of the South than in the championship of Stalinism that is considered a virtue in this book? Bernard Smith is, he says, "antagonistic to mysticism." But, if his belief in "the creative role of the proletariat in establishing a communist society, which alone can realize universal peace and well-being" is not a piece of mysticism, what is it? It is surely on a level with the eighteenth-century mysticism about the "noble savage" and peace and well-being through a return to nature. Among the "forces" in American criticism, this author places Emma Goldman, who in her leisure from combat wrote a book on contemporary dramatists. To be able to promote Emma Goldman while discounting Edgar Allan Poe is a feat in itself.

Artists at Work

It would be unfair, of course, to contrast Bernard Smith's book with Stefan Zweig's *Master Builders* or de la Mare's *Behold, This Dreamer*. But it would be useful if readers of *Forces in American Criticism* would consider these two books after having read the other.

In *Master Builders*, one finds what is left out of account in *Forces in American Criticism* — process, the imaginative man actually engaged in his imaginative work. Here we get life in the process of creation; we get a valuation of the work done. Stefan Zweig is fully aware of the relation of the artist to his culture, of the relation of that culture to an economy. But he is intensely aware of the uniqueness of the great

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writer, of the unique value he establishes in the world.

Master Builders deals with the careers of nine great Europeans — Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevski, Hölderlin, Nietzsche, Kleist, Casanova, Stendhal, Tolstoy. Of these nine portraits, the one of Dickens is the least illuminating; perhaps this is because Zweig cannot understand the English, or it may be that he is interested only in the delineation of a tragic career and Dickens is not tragic for him. But the other eight are unforgettable portraits; the book as a whole helps us to comprehend contemporary Europe.

In praising *Master Builders* in its English version, a tribute should be paid to its remarkable translators, Eden and Cedar Paul. The subtle and distinguished vocabulary they command is very different from the usual translator's, and their renderings of the poetry of Kleist, Hölderlin and Nietzsche really give the effect of poetry.

The portraits most likely to affect readers are those of the two great nineteenth-century figures who foresaw Europe's catastrophe, Tolstoy and Nietzsche. We are shown the terrible solitude in which Nietzsche lived — his *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was published at the author's expense and hardly got a review. Zweig shows us the insomniac, the man of terrific energy who was Nietzsche, lying spiritually exhausted in a darkened room in a self-forgetfulness that will never pass. But his work was done, and Nietzsche belongs to his epoch in a way that neo-Marxists do not dream of, because he was conditioned by an epoch that was still to come.

> Wrathfully he predicts catastrophe in view of the convulsive endeavours "to eternalize particularism throughout Europe" and to defend a morality established upon egoistic interests and upon business.

The crumbling of cities today show how true was what this solitary wrote forty years ago.

In the Dream World

Luckily, against the contemporary bombardment of literature by the rationalists and materialists, we have a strong defense. The life of fantasy and dream is upheld in Walter de la Mare's *Behold, This Dreamer.*

This is really two books in one: a long essay or, rather, a series of essays, by de la Mare, followed by an anthology of verse and prose — about three hundred pieces. It is not only a defense, it is a celebration of the life of dream — the dream of the night and the daydream. Our dream life takes up one third of our stay on earth — "one aggregate year out of three is spent on the borderland of consciousness, or on its further outskirts, or beyond them." This third of our life is at least as important as any other part, and it is wise to reflect on it without superstition on the one hand and without superciliousness on the other. Nobody can offer us better reasons for doing this than the poet of "The Listeners" and the novelist of *Memoirs of a Midget.* "The mind is in the service of the imagination," he observes with assurance.

He has assembled his own favorite exemplars of mind in the service of the imagination; selections from all sorts of dreamers are here, from Daniel the Prophet to Robert Frost, and from all lands of dream, from the country of the Faerie Queen to "the misty mid-region of Weir." And the arrangement is such that familiar pieces take on new significance. The choice is exquisite and revealing. In all the pieces chosen there is a sense of mystery — a real mystery, not a spurious one. His own writing in the first half of the book deals with such subjects as dream and imagination, the borderland, daydreams, night, the moon, sleep, other worlds, the inner eye, day life and dream life, poetry; and it deals with all these with penetration and wisdom and in prose exquisite in its subtlety and rhythm.

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California's 'Grapes of Wrath'

by **FRANK J. TAYLOR**

CALIFORNIANS are wrathy over *The Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck's best-selling novel of migrant agricultural workers. Though the book is fiction, many readers accept it as fact.

By implication, it brands California farmers with unbelievable cruelty in their dealings with refugees from the "dust bowl." It charges that they deliberately lured a surplus of workers westward to depress wages, deputized peace officers to hound the migrants ever onward, burned the squatters' shacktowns, stomped down gardens and destroyed surplus foods in a conspiracy to force the refugees to work for starvation wages, allowed children to hunger and mothers to bear babies unattended in squalor. It implies that hatred of the migrants is fostered by the land barons who use the "Bank of the West" (obviously the Bank of America) and the "Farmers Association" (the Associated Farmers) to gobble up the lands of the small farmers and concentrate them in a few large holdings.

These are a few of the sins for which Steinbeck indicts California farmers. It is difficult to rebut fiction, which requires no proof, with facts, which do require proof.

The experiences of the Joad family, whose misfortunes in their trek from Oklahoma to California Steinbeck portrays so graphically, are not typical of those of the real migrants I found in the course of two reportorial tours of the agricultural valleys. I made one inquiry during the winter of 1937–38, following the flood which Steinbeck describes; I made another at the height of the harvest this year.

Along three thousand miles of highways and byways, I was unable to find a single counterpart of the Joad family. Nor have I discovered one during fifteen years of residence in the Santa Clara Valley (the same valley where John Steinbeck now lives), which is crowded each summer with transient workers harvesting the fruit crops. The lot of the "fruit tramp" is admittedly no bed of roses, but neither is it the bitter fate described in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

NO JOADS HERE

THE JOAD FAMILY of nine, created by Steinbeck to typify the "Okie" migrants, is anything but typical. A survey made for the Farm Security Administration revealed that thirty was the average age of migrant adults, that the average family had 2.8 children.

Steinbeck's Joads, once arrived in the "land of promise," earned so little that they faced slow starvation. Actually, no migrant family hungers in California unless it is too proud to accept relief. Few migrants are.

There is no red tape about getting free food or shelter.

The FSA maintains warehouses in eleven strategically located towns, where the grant officer is authorized to issue 15 days' rations to any migrant who applies, identifies himself by showing his driver's license, and answers a few simple questions about his family, his earnings, and his travels. In emergencies, the grant officer may issue money for clothing, gasoline, or medical supplies. The food includes standard brands of a score of staple products, flour, beans, corn meal, canned milk and tomatoes, dried fruit, and other grocery items. Before the 15 days are up, the grant officer or his assistant visits the migrant family in camp, and, if the need still exists, the ration is renewed repeatedly until the family finds work.

Shelter is provided by the FSA (a unit of the Federal Resettlement Administration) at model camps which Steinbeck himself represents as satisfactory. The one at Shafter is typical. A migrant family is assigned to a

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wooden platform on which a tent may be pitched; if the family lacks a tent, the camp has some to lend. The rent is a dime a day, and the migrant who wants to save the money can work it out by helping to clean up camp. The dime goes into a community benefit fund, administered by a committee. Camp facilities include toilets, showers and laundry tubs, with hot and cold running water, a community house. These thirteen camps cost around $190,000 apiece, and each accommodates some three hundred families. Last summer there were vacant platforms, though in winter there is a shortage of space.

Various relief organizations divide the responsibility of providing food and shelter for California's migrants. Federal authorities, working through the FSA, assume the burden for the first year. After a migrant family has been in the State a year, it becomes eligible for State relief. After three years, it becomes a county charge. State relief for agricultural workers averages $51 a month in California, as compared with $21 in Oklahoma, less for several neighboring States. The U. S. Farm Placement Service notes that WPA wages in California are $44 per month, in Oklahoma $32. California old-age pensions are $32 per month, Oklahoma's $20. These are U. S. Social Security Board figures. Records of the FSA grant offices indicate that many migrants earned under $200 a year back home — or less than one third the relief allowance in California. Thus thousands of Okies, having discovered this comparative bonanza, urge their kinsfolk to join them in California, where the average migrant family earns $400 during the harvest season and is able, after the first lean year, to draw an equal sum for relief during eight months of enforced idleness.

Wages, Health Conditions

The advantages of life in California for migrant workers are not limited to the salubrious climate and largess.

When the harvest is on, the base wage for agricultural workers on California farms is $2.10 per day with board, as compared to $1.00 in Oklahoma, $1.35 in Texas, and 65 cents in Arkansas. These figures are from the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Cotton pickers in California's San Joaquin Valley are paid 90 cents per 100 pounds. In Oklahoma, the pay is 65 cents a hundred, in Arkansas and Texas 60 cents. California has 180 separate crops to harvest, and some crop is ripening somewhere in the State every month of the year. A fortunate migrant may work eight to ten months each year. Back home he was lucky to work three months.

Another advantage of life in California is the free medical service. Few of the migrants had ever seen the inside of a hospital or employed a doctor, dentist, or nurse before they came to California. Each FSA camp has a full-time nurse and a part-time doctor to serve the migrant families without charge. Medical supplies, too, are free.

At the Shafter camp, I asked how many babies had been born in camp this year.

"None," the manager replied. "The mothers all go to Kern General Hospital."

At the hospital, supported by Kern County, I learned that, of 727 children born to migrant mothers in the County during the first 5 months of this year, 544 were delivered in the hospital, without charge. In fact, under State law, no general hospital may refuse a mother in labor. Yet in the Steinbeck book a camp manager is obliged to act as midwife.

It is a fortunate break, not only for the migrants but for the Californians as well, that the incoming streams of dilapidated "jalopies," piled high with beds and utensils, converge at Bakersfield, seat of Kern County. As large as Massachusetts (and wealthy, thanks to oil), Kern County maintains a remarkable health service under the direction of Dr. Joe Smith, who believes that an ill person is a menace to others and that it is the County's duty to make him well. Dr. Smith's eighteen nurses, each with a car, spend most of their time in schools and labor camps, checking the health and diet of children. Any migrant family needing medical service can have it free at Kern General, and some with contagious diseases receive it against their will.

Kern County, strategically located, is California's front-line defense against epidemics. Few migrant families manage to cross the huge area without at least one examination. Other counties to the north likewise employ nurses to visit the migrant camps, but they are not as selfishly altruistic as is Kern. Though resisting the nurses' attentions at first, the migrants are now eager for them.

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One of the accusations in the Steinbeck novel is that State and county peace officers hound the migrants from camp to camp, to push them into strikebreaking jobs. But inquiry reveals that officers invade camps only when appealed to by health officials.

The health officer of Madera County found a group of migrants camped atop a huge manure pile. "It's warmer here," they protested, when he ordered them to move. Only when he invoked police authority would they budge.

One health deputy discovered a case of smallpox in a camp. Telling the family to stay indoors, he hurried to town for vaccine. When he came back, the entire camp had evaporated into the night, and, before all the exposed migrants could be traced and rounded up into isolation camps, health officers of the neighboring counties had to cope with over six hundred cases of smallpox.

Investigating a typhus outbreak, a health officer found that several families had chopped holes in their cabin floors for toilets, without digging pits. In Santa Clara County, migrants were found camping around a polluted well. One of them explained, "The folks that was here before us used it," and they stayed on until deputy sheriffs removed them forcibly.

Outside nearly every agricultural community, from El Centro on the Mexican border to Redding near the Oregon line, is a shantytown or squatter camp. These are frightful places in which to live, devoid of adequate sanitation, often without pure water. Local authorities can do little about these rural slums, because they are outside city limits.

The most unsanitary squatter camp was that in the river bottom just north of Bakersfield, where squatters had made themselves at home on property of the Kern County Land Company, one of the State's major land "barons." The land company offered no objection to the squatter camp, but the citizens of Bakersfield did when the migrants' children came over the line to school and epidemics of flu, skin diseases, chicken pox, and other ailments depleted the classrooms. There were threats of vigilante action from irate parents, but what happened was quite different. Deputies from the county health office surveyed the

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Woodcuts by Clare Leighton, from The Farmer's Year — *Courtesy Longmans, Green & Co.*

camp, discovered that most of the occupants were employed and could afford to rent homes, that some of them had been there seven years. After six months of patient persuasion, all but twenty-six families were induced to move to town. When the twenty-six refused to budge, the health officer had their flimsy shacks moved to higher ground. They are still there. The vacated shacks were pushed into a pile and burned by order of the health department. That is the prosaic story behind the lurid burning of Bakersfield's "Hooverville," as dramatized in *The Grapes of Wrath.*

The Great Migration

The great flood of the winter of 1937–38, with which Steinbeck drowned the last hopes of the Joad family, hit the migrants hardest in Madera County, where thousands of them worked in the cotton fields. Near Firebaugh, the San Joaquin River rose in its rampage to wash out eight hundred campers. It was after dark one Saturday night when a deputy sheriff reported the plight of these unfortunates to Dr. Lee A. Stone, the wiry old health officer, an ex-Southerner formerly on the staff of the U. S. Public Health Service. Dr. Stone mobilized all the trucks and cars he could find, hurried to the scene, moved the eight hundred refugees thirty miles through the blinding rain to the little city of Madera, and sheltered them in the schools. Then he raised funds by phone for temporary quarters.

Discovering that most of his unexpected guests had but recently come to California, he hit on the idea of returning them to their kinsfolk in Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas. When he had raised the necessary funds to buy railroad tickets, he hurried over with the news.

They listened in stony silence.

Finally, one of the men spoke up. "Thanks, Doc," he drawled. "Here we be and here we stay and we ain't a gonna leave the promised land."

"No sirree, we ain't a gonna leave California," chorused the rest. And they didn't.

Almost all the counties in the San Joaquin

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and Sacramento Valleys have standing offers of free transportation back home for any migrant family. Not one family in a hundred has accepted.

No one knows how many migrants have poured into California since the last census was taken, because the count was not started until 1935, when the State Department of Agriculture instructed the plant-quarantine inspectors at the border to check and report incoming farm workers. To date, 285,000 of them have been reported, but the count is incomplete because many thousands have ridden in on freight trains.

The migrants' trek dates back to 1925, when cotton first became a major crop in California. Some authorities think that almost a hundred thousand families have moved into the State, mostly from the dust-bowl area. This would mean half a million individuals, a migration exceeding the gold rush of pioneer days. Others who have studied the trek of the Okies — so called because forty-two out of every hundred migrants come from Oklahoma — place the figure at three hundred thousand.

In either case, it is a tremendous lump of impoverished population for the people of the Great Interior Valley to assimilate. It is as if the entire population of Cincinnati were to visit Cleveland and, once there, decide to remain indefinitely as star boarders. And it has taken the combined resources of the State, the counties, the federal government, and the individual farmers to meet the emergency. Madera County, for instance, which had 15,000 residents when the invasion started, now has double that population; and most of the newcomers are public charges part of each year. Kern County has a population of 130,000 persons, of whom 35,000 are on relief. The County hospital budget has increased from $100,000 in 1926 to the present figure of $970,000, all of which except some $8,000, contributed by the federal government for the aid of crippled children, is paid by Kern's taxpayers.

California's Special Problem

Owing to the peculiarities of agriculture in the Far West, the farmers of California are as hopelessly dependent on the migrant workers as the migrants are dependent on the farmers for jobs. For California agriculture differs from farming elsewhere in several ways.

Most California crops are so extremely perishable that they must be harvested on the day of ripening — not a day earlier or a day later. This is true of fresh fruits, such as peaches, apricots, and pears, which must be picked, packed, iced, and shipped to the hour. It is true also of field crops like lettuce, tomatoes, melons. Asparagus is actually harvested twice a day. Timely and uninterrupted handling of these perishables means the difference between a $300,000,000 yearly income and a multimillion expense for intensive planting, cultivating, irrigating, spraying, thinning, and harvesting. Most of the California farmers' customers live two to three thousand miles distant, beyond two mountain ranges, and it costs as much to deliver the foodstuffs to them in good condition as it does to battle the perennial droughts, the insects, the vagaries of soil and atmosphere in the struggle to grow the crops. Including nonperishables, the annual take from the soil totals around $600,000,000 and is the State's main livelihood.

Another peculiarity of California agriculture is the manner in which it is broken up into "deals," to use the local term for crops. There are about 180 deals in all, and they, too, are often migrant. The lettuce deal begins in midwinter in Imperial Valley, near the Mexican border; it migrates first to Arizona, then to the Salinas Valley, which from April to November is the country's salad bowl. Melon, tomato, spinach, fresh-pea deals likewise follow the sun north each spring and summer. Navel oranges ripen in midwinter south of the Tehachapi range, Valencias in midsummer north of these mountains. The peach deal trails the apricot deal; then comes the prune deal, the grape deal, and finally cotton.

California is a long, slender State, broken up into a score of agricultural "islands." In the San Diego island, the growers concentrate on avocados and bulbs. The Santa Clara Valley is the prune and apricot island. The Sacramento Valley produces nine tenths of the country's canned peaches. There are three grape islands, two lettuce islands, an asparagus island behind the dikes of the delta country — a sort of little Netherlands. There is a cotton belt in the San Joaquin Valley. In all these highly specialized, intensively cultivated regions, harvest time comes with a vengeance.

For generations, transient workers have ap-

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peared by the thousands at harvest time.

The Mexicans pitched their tents in orchards or made camp in rude summertime shelters. They picked the fruit, collected their wages, and faded over the horizon to the next crop. They were good workers, with an instinctive touch for ripening fruit and melons, and better help than the Orientals who preceded them. In 1934, the migrations of these Mexican workers ended abruptly, as their new agrarian government back home offered each returning family a slice of a confiscated estate.

The exodus of the Mexicans coincided with the influx of dust-bowl refugees. For a time, the Okies were the answer to the farmers' prayers. They still are, for that matter, except that there are now too many of them for the available jobs and they have brought with them serious social problems.

Three years ago the University of California assigned Dr. R. L. Adams, Professor of Agricultural Economics, to survey the State's farm-labor requirements. Dr. Adams says the crops require 144,700 workers in the peak months, over and above the year-round hired hands. By midwinter this demand has fallen off to 59,000. In May, it is back to a hundred thousand; in August it is 134,000. Thus there are at times nearly 86,000 more workers than jobs, even if there is no labor surplus. Today there is a surplus of fifty to seventy thousand workers, even at the harvest peak. Early this year the influx was tapering off, but in June 1,600 more agricultural workers were at the border than in June a year earlier.

Housing: A Stumbling Block

Unlike the Mexicans, the Okies do not disappear over the horizon at the end of each harvest. They linger on in the flimsy shelters intended only for the rainless California summer. When rains come, in the fall, the camp sites are seas of mud; rubbish and filth accumulate; and the farmers are taken to task for the facilities provided for their unwelcome guests. Hence the migrant-worker problem is essentially a housing problem.

The FSA has sought a solution in low-price cottages, costing $1,000 to $1,500 per unit and renting for $8.20 per month, including heat, light, and water. Each is surrounded by a half-acre of land for a garden. These cottages are snapped up as soon as they are completed, but there are not enough of them, and they are usable only for workers who have ceased to be migrants. FSA has another answer, a portable motorized camp — platforms, Diesel-powered electric plant, laundry tubs and showers — so designed that it may be loaded on trucks and shifted with the crops and the demand for harvest hands. First tried out this summer, it may be the migrant camp of the future.

The farmers, who have added ten thousand cabins to the shelters provided for migrant workers in the last three years, look askance at the FSA camps. Because of the perishable nature of their crops, California farmers live in terror of strikes. The federal camps are feared as hotbeds of radical activities, a fear that dates back to 1931, when communists undertook to organize the fruit workers and dispatched squads of agitators to drag workers from their ladders and intimidate their families. I found no evidence to justify this alarm. The Okies I talked with were oblivious to class struggle; all they asked was more work.

On many of the larger farms, such as the Tagus, the Hoover, the DiGiorgio ranches, the owners provide housing as good as FSA demonstration communities and for less.

On the Tagus Ranch, H. C. Merritt offers two hundred permanent families neat little cottages for $3.00 to $5.00 per month, including a plot of ground for a garden. Some of the first white migrants chopped up the partitions between the rooms and used them for firewood, although free wood was provided for the chopping. When he protested, the Okies explained they preferred to live in one-room houses. Now Tagus families are graduated from one-room to three-room houses as they qualify for them.

Mr. Merritt's attitude toward federal camps is typical. "If my workmen live on the ranch and I tell them to be on hand at eight in the morning to pick peaches, they're on hand," he said. "If they're in a federal camp, I don't know whether they'll be here or not. While I'm looking for other pickers, the peaches drop on the ground, and a year's work is gone."

Stubborn Individualists

An inference of *The Grapes of Wrath* is that most of the California farmlands are in great holdings, operated by corporations or land "barons." The State has 6,732,390 acres devoted to crops, and the 1935 census shows

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that 1,738,906 are in farms less than 100 acres in extent, 3,068,742 are in farms of 100 to 1,000 acres, and 1,924,742 are in farms of over 1,000.

An insinuation of *The Grapes of Wrath* is that wages are forced down by the Associated Farmers and the Bank of America, acting in conspiracy. Actually, neither the Association nor the Bank concerns itself with wages. Rates of pay are worked out through the farmer co-operatives in each crop or through local groups, such as the San Joaquin Regional Council, which agrees each spring on a base wage. California farmers pay higher wages than those of any State but Connecticut, according to the U. S. Farm Placement Bureau.

This same federal organization conducted an inquiry into the charge, aired in *The Grapes of Wrath*, that California farmers had distributed handbills through the dust-bowl area, offering jobs to lure a surplus of migrant labor to the State. Only two cases were unearthed, one by a labor contractor in Santa Barbara County, another by an Imperial Valley contractor. The licenses of both have since been revoked. At the Associated Farmers head office in San Francisco, I saw hundreds of clippings from Midwest newspapers — publicity inspired by the Association — advising migrants *not* to come to California.

The problem of connecting migrant workers who want jobs with farmers who need help is serious. A rumor will sweep like wildfire through migrant camps, of jobs in some valley hundreds of miles distant. Two days later that valley is swamped with so many workers that the harvest which ordinarily would last a month is finished in a week. The U. S. Department of Labor, working with the State Employment Office, now maintains job-information services in eighty-one towns and cities. At any of these offices, migrant workers may check on job prospects in any other area. But most workers still prefer to take a chance.

California's big question — what is going to happen to these people — is still unanswered.

East of Visalia, the FSA is attempting an experiment in co-operative farming. On the 530-acre Mineral King ranch, purchased with federal funds, twenty above-average migrant families were set to work raising cotton, alfalfa, and poultry and running a dairy. At the end of the first year, the farm showed a profit of $900 per family, more than twice the average family's earning from following the crops.

At Casa Grande, Arizona, the FSA has another co-operative farm, of 4,000 acres, with sixty families working it.

Co-operative farms, directed by trained men from universities, produce good crops and good livings; but the Okies are rugged individualists. "I'm not going to have any damn government telling me what I'm going to plant," exploded one of the Mineral King farmers, as he packed his family in the car and took to the road again. And so, in spite of the good intentions of the Farm Security Administration, the Governor's Committee on Unemployment, the Simon J. Lubin Society, the John Steinbeck Committee, and other organizations, the highly individualistic newcomers probably will work out their own destiny in their own way.

For a glimpse of how they may do it, visit Salinas, in the lettuce island, which saw its first invasion eight years ago. The first Okies in the area squatted in squalor outside the town until an enterprising wheat farmer divided his ranch into half-acre lots, which he offered at $250 apiece, $5.00 down, $5.00 a month. The Okies snapped them up and strutted around, proud of their property ownership. Today, in Little Oklahoma City, as the community is called, one can envisage the whole process of assimilation — the ancient trailer resting on its axles, a lean-to or tent alongside it, in the front a wooden shack and, sometimes, a vine-covered cottage. Off to the south, some of the Okies are living in neat little three- to five-room cottages. The Okies of Little Oklahoma City are fortunate. They muscled into the lettuce-packing game and now have virtually a monopoly around Salinas, earning from 50 to 60 cents an hour for eight or nine months of the year. In that one community, three thousand migrants have achieved a respectable standard of living. Their children are intermarrying with the natives. Outwardly, they are Californians.

What they have done can be done by others. Their accomplishment is a challenge to shiftless Okies and an answer to the broad accusations hurled so heedlessly in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

THE FORUM has invited replies to Mr. Taylor

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The Artist's Point of View

*Thomas Craven Chooses the Masterpieces of Art**

THE WORD "TREASURY" is well earned by this impressive book masterwork, with its 144 large full-page color reproductions. Neither time, travel, nor research expense has been spared. The book is a supreme technical achievement.

Because of the wide seeing the book is sure to get, the critical equipment which determined Editor Thomas Craven's selections becomes vastly important. What is that equipment?

In an article on art critics published in THE FORUM some years back I called Craven a healthy irritant in contemporary art criticism because he challenged the anemia of some studio pictures and the snobbishness of aesthetic sham. This needed to be done, and the deliberate vulgarity of Craven's attack, used apparently as effective publication and reader insurance, did gain an outlet for art writing in popular magazines and the Hearst press. Also his preoccupation with the American scene was healthy; artists did need to return to life as a source. On other aspects of criticism Craven is ignorant, destructive, and negative.

His ignorance is spotlighted by his generalized sneers at all aestheticism instead of at the patently "pseudo"; by his talk about pictorial form and his general failure to apply it; by his constant, indiscriminate sniping at the "Paris School"; by his one-sided standard of values, with all the emphasis placed on the artist's (healthy) identification with "localism"; and finally by his definition of style.

On this last point he quotes Taine's definition of style as "environment affecting form" and then goes on to interpret this definition in these words: "Taine stressed, as the most important element in the formation of style, the artist's response to the substance and color of his environment."

But Taine did not stress this as the most important element. He said style was environment affecting *form* — a diametrically opposite conception. Here *form* is the dominant matter; environment gives it specific character. Craven sees through colored glasses; he bends Taine to conform to his more limited vision.

When Craven talks of form and design it is always as a means to an end (where he admits its utility) or as decoration, which he tolerates as trimming. Never does he reveal comprehension of its (hated) aesthetic function. Craven would not hate aesthetics if he knew through experience the emotional content of the term. Americans are a practical people, he says. Artists should conform to the "group feelings and attributes of their people." So does he define for us the limits of his own practical vision.

A critic is tested most severely by his contemporary judgments. Craven's complete roster of artists since the French postimpressionists is Bellows, Rivera, Orozco, Grosz, Sloan, Burchfield, Benton, Curry, Marsh, and Wood. In this list he makes no distinction between the abject or near-naturalists, Sloan, Marsh, Bellows, and Curry, and the more or less masterly designers, Wood, Grosz, Rivera, Orozco, Burchfield, and Benton. Prior to these, he finds no plastic shortcomings in Whistler and Sargent. He gives highest contemporary honors to Benton's "Persephone" — that river bank and disrobed lady, with the old farmer peering curiously at her — in these words: "As the sumptuous embodiment of the fullness of the living world, it is unsurpassed by anything thus far produced in America."

I test this statement by turning Craven's pages to Ryder, Orozco, Burchfield. The inevitable comparative verdict is theatrical, conscious exhibitionism and a kind of thin, hard, near-garishness of color which lacks the rich, felt harmonies that were rediscovered by Cézanne and inherent today in the painting of such plastic artists as Sergonzac in Paris and Weber and Burlin in America as well as, in different degree, those just named. Benton may be our ablest interpreter of the dynamics of the physical American life, but he is far from our first on other counts.

Craven has discarded aesthetics from art criticism. That is his great destructive contribution to the public which reads him — a contribution that is dangerously amplified by this impressive book.

RALPH M. PEARSON

*A Treasury of Art Masterpieces, *edited by Thomas Craven* (*Simon & Schuster, $10*).

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

A—Poetry of Permanence

Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan, collected and edited by Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering (Michigan, $3.50). It is always surprising to find medieval popular ballads about Roland and Ronceval turning up today on the lips of fishermen in the remote Faeroe Islands. It is no less astonishing to hear authentic old Scottish ballads sung again in the vernacular of the southern peninsula of Michigan. This volume contains also much folk recitation of purely American themes: songs of lumberjacks, ballads of American disasters, even the sinking of the *Titanic*. The collection is a superior piece of editing in both scholarship and popular taste.

B—Verse of Distinction

Death Loses a Pair of Wings, by Robin Lampson (Scribner, $3.00). This is a novel of Gorgas and the conquest of yellow fever, written in a uniform meter, Mr. Lampson's own cadence. It is well done on every count of history, verse, and narrative and is spell-binding if read aloud.

Gauley Mountain, by Louise McNeill (Harcourt Brace, $2.00).

"The groundhog digs another winding
burrow,
For now the C.C.C.'s
Are timbering the saw-razed slopes of
Gauley
With white pine trees."

Love Songs for Young Lovers, by Marie C. Stopes (Putnam, $1.50). Here is the new glamour of modern love radiated not by moonlight but sunlight and science.

Mortal Sequence, by Charlotte Wilder (Coward-McCann, $2.00). Concentration is the command of this passionate art:

"never
be cold to man—
distant, engrossed in self—
too late we learn: no one is loved
enough"

C—Verse of Merit

Prairie Galleons, by Madeleine Aaron (St. Anthony, $1.25). Slight but superlative.

New-Mown Hay, by Arthur Alvin Pyne-Davidson, $2.50). The triumphs of brimming personality intoxicated by the complex perfume of new-mown hay.

Lost Valley, by Helen Axtell (Binford, $1.50). A friendly "Spoon River" of Oregon.

Chorus of Bird Voices, by William Bacon Evans (Evans, $0.25). Gay and true verse to accompany the notes of songbirds. Sonnets, also, by a downright Quaker poet.

Last of the English, by Lord Gorell (Dutton, $2.00). The charm of Lord Gorell's personality is reflected in the political optimism of his unillusioned but gracious verse.

Veri-Tasse, by Willard M. Grimes (Humphries, $1.50). Sincere verse again from Harvard.

Broken Crescendo, by Anne Hamilton (Ritchie, $2.00). Fragments of authentic inspiration.

A Moment's Monument, by Florence Hamilton (Klein-Heimbinder, $1.50). An undertone like the grand melancholy of great British poets gives dignity to the work of this gracious American poet.

Man in the Shadows, by Elias Lieberman (Liveright, $2.00). Calm and masterful revelations of our folkways—but always without rancor.

Marguerite, by Rae S. Neely (Georgia, $2.00). A sensitive and distinguished interpretation of Marguerite of Navarre by autobiographical monologue in the majestic tradition of Dante and Robert Browning.

The Moving Tide, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). We salute again the perennially young but veteran founder of the Poetry Society of America, Incorporated!

D—Verse of Originality

Songs of the World's Fair, by John Black (Humphries, $1.75). "New York, New York, biography of my heart"—rhymes of commerce, through dollars to dreams.

The Choir Sings, by Ellen M. Carroll (Bar D, $1.00). They are singing new songs in Arkansas that spell a triumph in every defeat. All power to the Bar D Press!

This, My Letter, by Sara Henderson Hay (Knopf, $2.00). Worthy, indeed, but not quite on a level with the keen Borzoi standard.

Coal Dust and Crystals, by Eunice Mildred LonCoske (Harrison, $2.00). Friendly verse.

None Now Are Quietly Wise, by Arthur Inman (Dutton, $2.00).

Dregs, by J. H. Jennings (Binford, $2.00). Read page 51. Here is supreme metrical satire (also prophecy).

Mural Journey, by Agnes Miller (Banner, $1.50). Glimmers of originality overlaid by synthetic Barnardese.

Harp of Water, by Laurence Pratt (Caxton, $2.50). Disappointing but better than the blurb.

It's All Nonsense Anyhow, by Gladys Shelley (Poets, $2.00). Consolation for the gum chewers.

Iridescent Days, by Marion Craig Wentworth (Rowny, $1.50). Surprises and new reactions here.

Other Titles

A Tale That Is Told, by Angelo P. Bertocci (Harrison, $1.50). The Collected Poems of Virginia Woodward Cloud (Harrison, $2.00). Meadow Charm, by Nettie Howald Detwiler (Pegasus, $1.00). Ballads of Paul Bunyan, by Mabel Natalie Ericksen (Ericksen). Words—The Weapon of Dictators, by Aletheia Garrison (Kelly, $0.50). The Storm in My Heart, by Drew Butterfield (Harrison, $0.40). American—Fourth Decade, by Milton J. Goell (Dynamic America, $1.25). Bible Stories in Verse, by Bertha Hamilton (Christopher, $1.00). Sonnets and Odes, by Albert King (Authors International, $1.20). Beauty Calls, by Arthur R. Jamison (Harrison, $1.50). Patchwork Quilts, by Glenna Lamberg (Pegasus, $1.00). Thoughts in Rhyme, by Virginia Potter (Potter, $1.00). To Hell with War, by Raymond Talbot (Wetzel, $1.75). Westward Across Nebraska, by Thomas H. Spence (Spence, $1.00). The Voyage, by William D. Udell (Humphries, $1.25). Painted Rocks, by Charles L. H. Wagner (Humphries, $2.00). Night in a Rented Room, by Elva Williams (Elektra, $1.25).

Anthologies

Bread Loaf Anthology (Middlebury, $1.50). Plenty of good verse from these disciples of the Vermont-forest summer Parnassus.

Sonnets, edited by Ralph Cheney (Harrison, $3.00). Yes indeed, they are sonnets, sonnets that run the gamut from American documentary through American Petrarchian and experimental.

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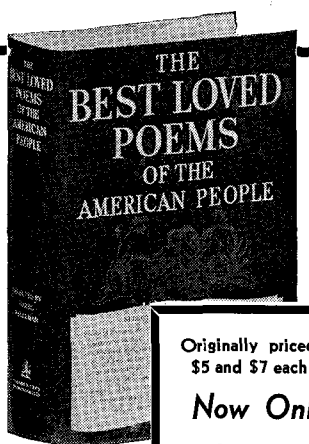

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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *sociology* [In 1898, in New Jersey, two clans by the name of Kallikak were discovered, both stemming from a Revolutionary soldier, Martin Kallikak, through two women. One was a simple-minded barmaid; the other, an intelligent Quakeress. One branch produced many lawbreakers; the other, good citizens.]
2. (b) *Eakins loved to portray American sports.* [Rembrandt painted a few landscapes. Stuart did good heads, poor figures.]
3. (d) *has no special, powerful punch* [such as Dempsey's left jab or Schmeling's right]
4. (a) *Ward* [Marvin Ward of Spokane, Washington]
5. (b) *the Antarctic* [U. S., Germany, Norway, Argentina are sending or have sent expeditions.]
6. (b) *tempera*
7. (b) *The Taming of the Shrew* [Act II, Scene 1]
8. (a) *Dartmouth, Harvard, Cornell, etc.* [no official organization]
9. (a) "*The Walrus and the Carpenter*"
10. (a) "*Madam, I'm Adam.*" [Word or words which read the same backwards or forwards. Another is: Lewd did I live & evil I did dwel.]
11. (b) *fourteenth* [1340(?)–1400]
12. (c) *John Steuart Curry*
13. (d) *James Thurber*
14. (a) *Piero de Cosimo* [some others, too]
15. (a) *Flemish* [1525(?)–1569]
16. (b) *half man, half horse.* [Phoenix is a sacred bird.]
17. (b) *the French*
18. (d) *the Panama*
19. (c) *toss the cargo overboard*
20. (d) *the Social Register* [published also in several other cities]
21. *disonance* [Should be dissonance.]
22. (d) *Stephen Vincent Benét*
23. (d) *Thomas Hardy*
24. (a) *Robert Frost* ["The Pasture." Rest of poem goes:

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long. — You come too.]

25. (c) *Atlas* [Really much too easy.]
26. (a) *Pacific*
27. Editorial preference tends toward (d) — *Leapfrog should be discouraged at faculty teas* — but, since there is reasonable ground for divergent opinions, all answers will be scored as correct. Will some one suggest leapfrog at the next faculty tea and report?
28. (a) *Charles C. Pinckney* [when Ambassador to France, 1796]
29. (d) *Cincinnati Reds*
30. (b) *M. L. Annenberg* [publisher of *Philadelphia Inquirer, Daily Racing Form, Click,* etc.]
31. (a) *the right to meet, speak, and worship freely*
32. (c) *Sigmund Freud* [died in exile in London in September]
33. (a) *Gordon Selfridge*
34. (a) *Il Trovatore* [by Verdi]
35. (a) "*Very interesting, Arthur, and quite possible.*" [Could occur as the result of moonlight, scientists say.]
36. (b) *Shakespeare, in Julius Caesar* [Act I, Scene 2, Casca speaking of Cicero's speech, says, "Those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me."]
37. (c) *John Keats* [his last, tragic letter to Fanny Brawne]
38. (a) *Tibet* [polyandry: the practice of a woman's having more than one husband.]
39. (a) *One's usually a net, t'other an appendage.* [Don't ask us the *why* of these things, as they are beyond male comprehension; we merely report them.]
40. (a) "*Children of the same parents are so adorable.*" [Def.: one of two or more children of the same parents.]

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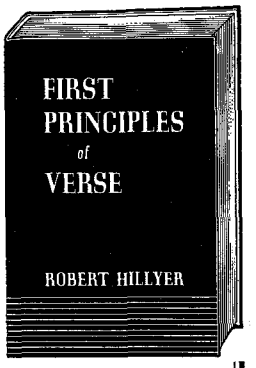

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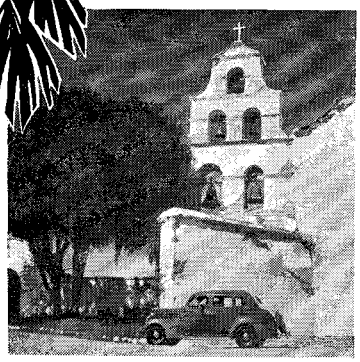

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by **HARRY J. PRICE**

Now is the time for all good men to sit back and recognize that there really *is* no place like home.

But this doesn't mean you can't go *anywhere*, even though we're back at the point where, giving up cruises to foreign ports, we owe a little more attention to and appreciation of the travel opportunities afforded by our own vast country.

And, after all, your mode of travel won't be changed. For the lover of the sea, there are the American coastwise lines; there are trains, planes, and busses; and, if you insist on being a pioneer, there is the automobile.

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It's not hard to imagine the thrills of studying the Grand Canyon from the air — a gorgeous, never-to-be-forgotten spectacle — or of taking a bird's eye view of Paradise Valley. Flying over Texas, California, the Indian Detour, Salt Lake City, and the Pacific Northwest will give you a different outlook, a different perspective on the Great West. And, should you want to go even farther afield, you can take in Mexico from the air, flying by way of Brownsville to Mexico City and other points in central Mexico.

Any travel agent or air-line ticket office will be happy to arrange such a tour for you, during which the services of American, Eastern, Transcontinental and Western, Northwest, and United Air Lines will be yours for the asking.

You're by no means committed to flying all the way. If you so desire, combination tickets of virtually any kind can be arranged — by plane on the first leg, by rail perhaps to some seaport, and thence by steamship to another point of interest. Busses, too, can be included. But, once you have tried flying, you'll probably be

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Travel Briefs

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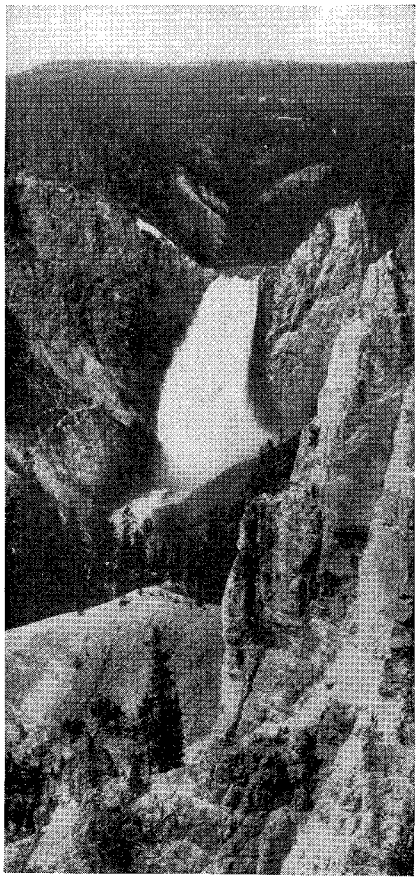

Yellowstone Falls, from the Air

added to the growing crowd of Americans who find air travel best, anytime, anywhere. Remember that the time you save by flying does much to eliminate the extra cost of your passage.

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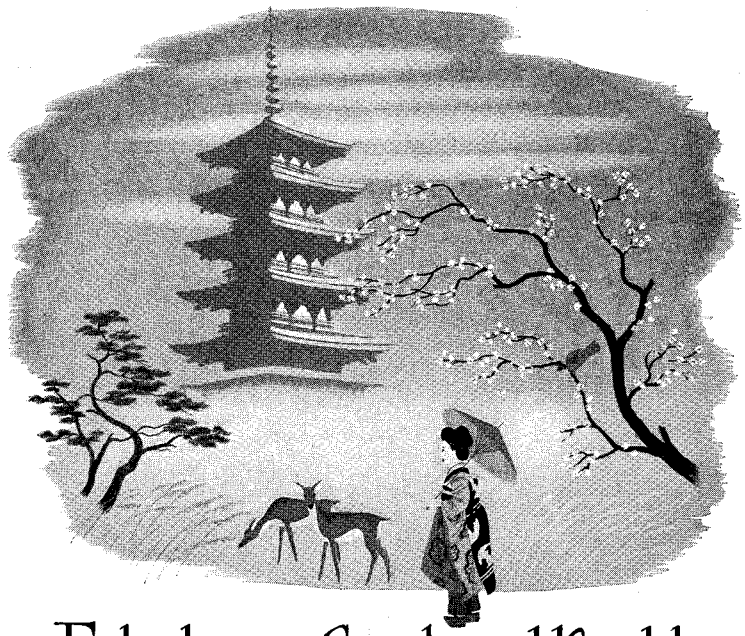
I should mention that of course you can arrange for stopovers in all these aerial tours and that the possibilities for side trips, such as the forty-mile boat trip into the heart of the Grand Canyon from Boulder Dam, are limitless. The American Express Company, pioneers in arranging aerial tours, will be glad to help you.



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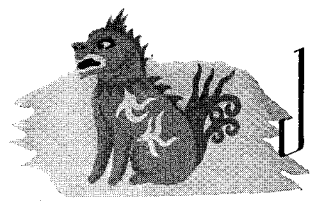

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MACDOWELL: SUITE NO. 2 ('INDIAN'). Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia M,AM 373; 4 records; $6.00).

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HADYN: SYMPHONY NO. 86 IN D MAJOR. Bruno Walter & London Symphony Orchestra (Victor M,AM 578; 3 records, $5.00).

IT has been said often that it took a Bohemian (Antonin Dvorak) to discover America's folk music. Yet, the truth is that Edward MacDowell completed the sketches for his Second Suite, based on authentic Indian themes, some time before the appearance of the New World Symphony.

The Indian Suite, as the Second Suite is more familiarly known, was for some time after its composition the outstanding orchestral work by an American and the finest representation of American music to be sent abroad. For its materials, MacDowell went to the songs of the Iowas and the Iroquois, but for its construction he went to his own storehouse of musicality.

The Suite is in no sense a sequence of Indian tunes. It is a sweeping orchestral work, symphonic in stature, that evokes auditory images of our ancestors, their mores, and their cherished aspirations and bitter frustrations. The five movements of the Suite are titled: "Legend," "Love-Song," "In War Time," "Dirge," and "Village Festival."

Each successive recorded performance by Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony seems to outdo its predecessors in brilliance and high fidelity. The Columbia engineers, having learned to make the most of Liederkranz Hall, are giving Barlow recordings that are rich in room space and therefore marvelously resonant. And this particular performance finds Barlow and his orchestra at their finest. The lines are clear, and the conception positively exciting. One need not hesitate to recommend this album highly.

"PETROUCHKA" has existed in excellent recordings by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony and by the orchestra conducted by Stravinsky himself. But it is the new up-to-date and uncut version by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra which you will want if you desire to have the finest recorded version of Stravinsky's tantalizing ballet suite.

Stokowski's theatricalism becomes an asset in interpreting this bizarre score. Moreover, the luscious sonorities which he draws from an orchestra when he puts his mind to it, together with the acoustics of Philadelphia's Academy of Music and much imagination on the part of Victor's engineers, make for one of those occasional sets which justifies its lavish promotion.

BEETHOVEN'S Second Symphony from Weingartner follows a superb version from Beecham by less than two years. Beecham's orchestra was the London Philharmonic; Weingartner's is the London Symphony. Choice between the two depends on personal taste. Both are masterful performances; both are amply recorded. The London Philharmonic is, of course, a finer organization than the London Symphony, but Weingartner, to me at least, has the greater understanding of Beethoven. He never interprets music. He lets it come off naturally, the rough, ready, vigorous music of Beethoven, towering even so early as the Second Symphony. This Symphony now brings the Columbia-Beethoven-Weingartner series to eight. Only the "Pastoral" remains to be made for a complete cycle.

THE lapse between the appearance of Act I and Act II of "Die Walküre" has been so great that one wondered whether Victor would ever issue a recording of Act II. However, Act II is now available, and a handsome addition it is for Wagnerites and others.

Unfortunately the album combines the work of members of the Berlin State Opera under Bruno Seidler-Winkler and forces of the Vienna Opera under Bruno Walter. The result is a lack of coherence in the performance. The Vienna Philharmonic, an ensemble superior to the Berlin orchestra, is pitched lower, and the singing of Lotte Lehmann under Walter is not to be matched by the records from Berlin. Melchior sings with both organizations and, as always, delights his audience.

The cuts have been made intelligently and, for a recording made abroad, it has fine resonance, no doubt resulting from recording in two auditoriums reputed for acoustical excellence.

MAURICE RAVEL'S music has been greatly misjudged by the public, and has won admiration only among those who really comprehend its musical grandeur and among a small, effete group of dilettantes who talk about Ravel because it is the thing to do. This lack of appreciation is greater among his piano works and songs than among his orchestral scores. Crusading of a kind, then, it is when Gieseking and Columbia offer a glowing and fully revealing recording of the three pieces comprising the series "Gaspard de la Nuit": "Le Gibet," "Ondine," and "Scarbo."

Again Gieseking's consummate artistry is apparent. His sensitivity and complete domination of the keyboard without obtruding his own personality presumptuously should do wonders for Ravel. This is a recording to take its place beside his Beethoven sonatas and Debussy piano music.

THE Eighty-Sixth Symphony of Haydn is listed by Victor in its newly named "connoisseur's corner." Perhaps this is meant to drive the general public away. Bad sales approach, one would necessarily think! For this symphony has the Haydn charm, the classic spontaneity, and the forthright musical attractiveness to captivate others than that limited class of connoisseurs.

Bruno Walter's interpretation is one of understanding and devotion, though one may question his frequent *rubati*, which give the music a sentimental touch. The playing of the London Symphony is excellent, and for once a Haydn symphony has been recorded with an orchestra of suitable size (or so it seems, at least, on listening to the records — one does not hear a sonority that comes from Dr. Koussevitsky's playing Haydn with about fifty-five strings). The recording is clear and spacious on the mechanical end.

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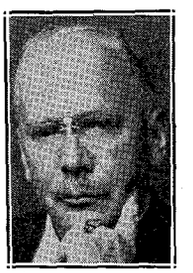

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